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COVER: Portrait by an
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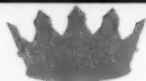
"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



JULY, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



CORONET

for
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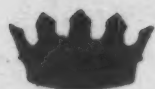
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EDITOR

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HATE MADE TO ORDER

*IN A TOWN HALF-FRENCH, HALF-GERMAN,
THE TRAGIC RITUAL OF HATE IS EVOLVED*



I HAD a vague impression of passing a village with a French flag on one side of the road, but a Nazi flag on the other. I thought I saw a brownshirt disappear around a corner. Anyway, I was sure that there was a French gendarme at the other corner.

It was a great deal to see, however, in the few moments during which my car roared down that section of country road. The idea of a city that sprawled over both sides of a frontier, with the Nazi flag and the French tricolor facing each other on the same street, intrigued me. I went back and I found it to be a small village that had grown up within recent years between Rosbruck in France and Nassweiler in Germany. It soon became evident that whereas it was considered treason on one side of the main street to refer to the village as Nassweiler, a prison cell awaited anybody on the other side who persisted in calling it Rosbruck.

Nevertheless, the village had been called Rosbruck until a few years previously. As in most small communities, everybody knew each other, and all had been raised in the same surroundings. The same blood flowed in all.

An international border commission had come to town, however, and had discovered an ancient landmark in the middle of the main road. A line was drawn through it, and through the town, too. Henceforth, what previously had been designated by one color on the map, was now marked by two colors.

Overnight this pleasant, isolated point was lifted out of its becalmed existence and forced to undergo the full pressure of international jealousies and intrigues. Nowhere else could be found such a perfect opportunity to watch the way national differences came into being. It wasn't just a village that I was observing, but the world in miniature.

What looked like a tombstone at the end of the divided roadway attracted my attention. Closer inspection revealed it as a hardly decipherable frontier post dated 1830. Similar landmarks traced a zig-zag path through the forest and open fields hereabouts. They had been put there during the general house-cleaning that Europe underwent following the Napoleonic wars. Now they were legalized once

more as a result of the Saar plebiscite of a few years back.

Although a village had grown up at the spot, it was just too bad that this dull, gray stone stood in the middle of the road. Thanks to it, I was shown to what extent opposing political viewpoints, social and economic customs, even separate languages, could be nursed into existence, merely by drawing an arbitrary line.

This ordinarily was a slow process that had to drag along for hundreds of years, but the world had quickened its pace nowadays. What formerly took generations could now be compressed into decades.

The kaleidoscope of daily life presented a different picture every five minutes along Rosbruck's main highway. Two correctly groomed German brownshirts would tramp up the road side by side with military precision. They would pass a couple of French gendarmes who would be strolling arm and arm down the opposite side of the street, with wide capes covering their shoulders, their free arms gesticulating and their faces animated by conversation.

These guards were not local residents, of course, and had been transferred there from other posts. A frontier meant just that to them, and whether it ran through a village or a wilderness did not make a particle of difference.

Nazi flags might be seen toward one side, and French flags on the other.

Children would come out of their

homes and play, each group keeping studiously to its side of the roadway. That alone gave me an eerie sensation. Two businessmen would be chatting at a nearby cottage door, and a similar scene would be taking place between two women across the way, but there would be no calling over or stepping across the line.

A grocery van from Nassweiler would deliver eggs on one side of the street, and another wagon marked Rosbruck would distribute eggs on the other side.

Two Frenchmen would meet and shake hands. Two Germans three feet away would greet each other with raised arms, palms outstretched. Neither group had eyes for the other. This already was a world of difference since the Saar plebiscite. It was not difficult to imagine how much more pronounced this difference inevitably would become with the passage of a few more years.

The experience of the woman who runs the bakeshop on the French side was one example out of many of how deeply the village's every-day life had been affected. Her story sounded funny at first, and then pathetic. In reality it was a bit of each.

"I don't deliver bread any more across the way," she told me. "It makes a big dent in my business, but there's nothing we can do about it. See that house over there, next to the cigar store?" She pointed directly across the street. "The woman who lives there used to be one of my best

customers. That was only natural, as we were such close neighbors. Now she has to walk a couple of miles into town to get bread, instead of buying it at my shop across the way from her home."

The two sides were separated only by the dirt automobile road. The Germans had marked out their half by a fine layer of reddish soil that contrasted vividly with the dull hard surfacing on the French part.

"We tried as long as we could to keep our customers, but it became more and more dangerous," the baker woman continued. "My neighbor across the way was caught with one of my loaves of bread. A German customs inspector spotted her buying it from up the road. He led her under arrest into town where she had to pay a heavy fine.

"They took the loaf of bread away from her, too. That evening the German customs agents had French bread with their potatoes."

The relationship between the two women cooled after that. The customer felt that the store-keeper should have noticed the customs agent and warned her.

Even so, they made renewed efforts. "Sometimes she'd find herself short at the dinner table when she didn't have time to go so far into town, and then she'd appeal to me," the bakery woman explained. "We thought up a little system."

She pointed to the rock leaning against a tree where the road curved.

"I used to put a loaf of bread between that rock and the tree," she hesitatingly confided, as if worried whether she could trust me with so grave a secret in international intrigue.

"My neighbor would nod to me. That was our signal. I'd wrap a loaf of bread in my apron so it couldn't be seen."

She showed me how she had done it. I could appreciate how serious it was by the care she took to hide the tell-tale dent under her apron.

"Then I'd stand outside my door and wait until the coast was clear. When the French gendarmes were out of sight, and the German frontier guards had gone around the corner, I'd step swiftly to that rock.

"Maybe I was too excited that last time. I thought I saw one of the German frontier guards returning. I stumbled and bruised my knee. It pained me for weeks."

So ended the odyssey of the smuggled loaves of bread.

"Let her walk to town and buy her own bread," the baker-woman suddenly exclaimed in an angry tone. "It's not worth the trouble. I only tried to do her a favor."

The two women don't talk to each other any more. It seemed as if in spite of themselves a resentment had been bred between them. They were powerless to wreak their annoyance on the German military authorities, as personified by the brownshirt guards, or on the French army, as symbolized by the caped gendarmery.

But they could resort to that very human procedure of taking it out on each other. I had the distinct impression that these differences were being deliberately cultivated by higher public authorities.

There was a cigar store on the German side directly across the way. The baker woman's husband used to go over there to buy cigarettes. But he doesn't do that any more. It had become too serious a matter in international relations. Fines were particularly high for anyone caught smuggling German tobacco into France. The nearest French "tabac" was not so very far away, after all. It was only a mile and a half down the road. So he went there whenever he found himself short.

He and his neighbors had continued to patronize the cigar store on the German side for quite a while after the Saar plebiscite. But after several workmen had paid a week's salary and sometimes more in fines for bringing over a package of German cigarettes, they decided that they couldn't afford to take the chance any more.

I noticed youngsters in French smocks playing on one side of the road, and on the other side I saw German boys and girls on bicycles. These boys and girls not only played apart, in most cases they did not even nod to each other. Only constant irritation could create such a border-line between children.

The suspicions of the frontier authorities were aroused when French

lads began to play close by the cigar store, and German youngsters kept hovering about the bakeshop. Mama had found it much easier to send daughter to the bakery across the way than to go into town herself, and sonny could always find a moment to dash into the tobacconist between games of tag.

The customs agents on both sides then decided they had to do something about this illicit commerce in a package of cigarettes or a loaf of bread. In their minds, the dignity of the law had been challenged.

Children were forbidden to cross from one side of the street to the other. If they were French, they had to stay in France, and if they were German, they certainly should not want to associate with French youngsters.

The mother of a little girl who resided a few houses from the bakeshop told me how her lassie used to play with a boy about her own age across the street. They don't any more, however.

"They still sometimes call hello to each other when they pass," the mother remarked. "But as they must not stop to talk, they are losing interest, and often just nod. I suppose they soon won't even be doing that."

Most children had lost toys across the frontier. Her little daughter had lost a favorite doll. The lads who kicked balls about had lost plenty of them that way. If a doll fell over the frontier, or a ball rolled to the other side, it was strictly forbidden to pur-

sue it, and if a child did, and a German or French frontier agent saw him, the youngster would be scolded and sent to his parents. No lack of discomfort would result, and probably a whipping, too. Usually the toy would be confiscated as a punishment.

Sometimes a frontier guard might relax these strict regulations to kick a ball back when he saw it roll over. I noticed an agent doing this. The ball had rolled a few feet over the frontier. The boys stood at the dirt line helplessly until a guard passed by who gave it a kick and it rolled back over the border.

If he had picked the ball up and handed it over, he would have violated frontier regulations which require that all border transactions be made through the customs offices in town. Once, however, I did see a group of youngsters on the French side wait until two brown-shirted guards had passed, and then make a bee-line for it to retrieve a hat that had been tossed over as a joke. I never saw the children on the German side stage any similar stunt.

They seemed far too disciplined for that. Nevertheless, if it had not been for the Saar plebiscite, no observer could have detected any difference between the children on one side of the street from those on the other. Already variations in temperament were being created which in later years would be referred to as national differences.

They probably would be by then.

The next generation obviously was to dig much deeper this rut of separatism that had been born and was being nursed by this generation. I wondered how soon these people would begin to dislike each other, and how soon hate, and how soon they would be eager to throw themselves body and soul into a war between the two sides.

When the housewife with whom I was talking saw a neighbor across the way, she didn't even nod. I asked her if she knew the lady.

"Of course I do," she replied. "We've just drifted apart, that's all."

I noticed housewives leaning over the window sills to greet neighbors on their side, but stare through the homes across the way as if they were so much open field.

"We're not as unfriendly as that indicates—yet," one woman explained. "Sometimes we still do dine together. Then we get out our passports, make sure that our visas are in order, and go through the same formalities as any other alien entering a foreign country, and after dinner we pass through the same routine on our side.

"Of course you realize that all this red tape does not encourage conviviality. No, those dinners are few nowadays, and I suppose there will be no more of them soon."

One woman on the German side finally did nod over and smile to the woman with whom I was speaking, but first she gave a quick, nervous glance right and left. Nothing was said, however. Her actions recalled

what I had been told about how the villagers had continued to converse between themselves after the frontier was re-established.

The authorities soon discouraged these international conversations. They were looked on, particularly on the German side, as undesirable from the public viewpoint. Frontier guards remonstrated with groups seen chatting over the frontier line. In Germany, where discipline was stricter, householders were instructed in so many words to break off their relations, conversational or otherwise, with the people across the road.

Groups of German workmen used to spend Saturday night in the French cafes. This practice declined under strict financial restrictions until now even those who still would like to do so are prevented because it is forbidden to take any money out of the country.

Except for a few farm-owners on one side who own land on the other, there was almost complete cessation of intercourse between the two halves of the village. French children went to the French *lycee* wearing one style of loose uniform, and German youngsters in spick and span regulation attire went to a German school. Democracy was taught on the one side, and ridiculed a few miles away on the other. Children on one side were taught the desirability of dictatorship and on the other that individuality was a blessing to be cultivated.

These pupils actually resided in the same village. Nevertheless, there was

no resemblance even in the history taught of the region itself. Black became white in one school and white became black in the other.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum were the schoolmasters.

What was even more significant was that differences already could be detected in the language habits of the village. Formerly everybody spoke the Teutonic dialect, which in one version or another is heard all the way from Holland to Switzerland, through Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine.

Now under official instructions, the German of Berlin was taught on the German side, and the French of Paris was taught on the French side. More and more French was heard in that latter half of the village because these people were cut off entirely from economic and social contacts anywhere except with the Gauls to their west. Correspondingly, residents in the German part of town became more and more Germanized in harmony with their private and business ties.

Economy had a hard time proving itself logical. On one side of the village I could buy a pound of fresh, creamy butter for less than it cost in the United States. On the other side it sold for more. Modern, city-educated people maybe could explain the reasoning behind this disparity, but I couldn't blame the country yokels for failing to see any reason in it at all.

The scarcity in many basic food-stuffs such as fats was more evident here than elsewhere in Germany be-

cause of the contrast with the conditions on the other side of the street, where there was plenty. I suspected that this partly explained the vigor with which regulations against people talking across the border were being enforced by the German authorities.

It was impossible not to sympathize with these country folk trying to understand how residents on one side of a street could suffer financial difficulties because they had so much dairy produce and so few customers, while on the other side of the same street, other people would be in equal financial straits because they had so little dairy produce to sell.

It was even more difficult to understand why the German customs officials were so strict to prevent any of this butter from finding its way across the street to the table of a hausfrau who did not have enough butter for her youngsters. Yet so much of the might of a powerful state seemed to be exerted to prevent this very thing from happening.

One afternoon I sat in a carpenter's shop on the French side of the frontier chatting with two brothers, Lucien and Jean. They had inherited their father's prosperous business which was installed in their country home. While one brother chatted with me, the other kept the buzz-saw screeching. They both joined the conversation, however, when the subject came up on how their business had been hurt by the establishment of a frontier through the middle of the street.

A large proportion of their work used to come from the other side of the road, they explained. This was not only true in their case, but for all the other businesses on both sides of the highway. They remarked that they not only lost the business that they used to have on the other side, but trade had declined because of depreciated spending power on their own side.

Lucien and Jean had lost business even among the French, for the buying power of all their neighbors had been reduced when the common market was sliced in half. The same thing had happened on the German side.

As I glanced along this main street at dusk, through the village and to the horizon beyond, I forgot that this was the twentieth century. The example I had seen of how easy it was for peoples to drift apart seemed to belong to medieval times. It answered the bewildering question of how it was possible for so small a continent as Europe to have so many frontiers. These differences, once created, were being stubbornly persisted in as manifestations of natural selection.

Obviously, this process was still going on. The nursery rhyme came to mind:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses nor all the
king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty together again."

—EDWARD HUNTER

ART AND THE PEOPLE

NEVER BEFORE IN HISTORY HAVE THE
HIGH ARTS BEEN SO ACCESSIBLE TO ALL



WE HAVE heard a great deal, these last few years, about Culture being withheld from the masses. The premises of the argument are: first, that the arts, under the capitalistic system, are becoming the exclusive property of the privileged class; second, that the great body of wage-earning Americans have a very definite need, whether conscious or unconscious, for Culture.

A short time ago, I listened to a discussion along these lines by a group of intelligent people. When one of them observed that music was the privilege of the upper-income group, everyone solemnly agreed. It was, apparently, one of those facile conclusions which are tacitly accepted even before they are given expression. Yet it occurred to me that music was a peculiarly unhappy choice, if one were really anxious to prove the proposition.

Radio, of course, has been the great leveler in the field of music appreciation. Granted that there are American families too poor to own a radio, there are still millions of wage-earners, including WPA workers, who do have radios, and these millions, by the

mere tuning of a dial, are able to hear the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera—to mention only some of the regular weekly programs. I doubt that even the most music-conscious plutocrat attends more than one concert a week, as a general rule, and Joe Smith, the steel-worker, has the same privilege. He can loll in his overstuffed chair of a Sunday afternoon, when the children are through wrangling over the comic sections, and enjoy two hours of splendid music in absolute comfort. Moreover, if he isn't satisfied unless he sees with his own eyes the gesticulations of the director, he can attend popular-priced recitals quite frequently. "Pop" concerts are a regular feature of every symphony organization which I know anything about, and there was an epidemic of free and almost-free open-air concerts, all over the country, last summer. These facts, which everyone knows, should prove conclusively that music is not inaccessible.

Which brings us to the second argument—that the majority of middle-class and laboring-class Americans are

sorely in need of music. And when the advocates of social reform say music, they mean Bach and Mozart and Wagner and Stravinsky. They do *not* mean Victor Herbert or Jerome Kern. When one has the temerity to remind them that, judged solely by the evidence of one's own eyes and ears, the public is far more receptive to the compositions of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Kern than it is to that of the masters', the answer is that the public has been conditioned to appreciate only the second- and third-rate, and one is given to understand that the underprivileged will have to be educated to better things.

Now it may be merely evidence of temperamental eccentricity on my part, but there is, to me, something distasteful and unwholesome in the idea of thrusting upon a vast number of people something which they not only do not desire, but often actively resent. It seems closely related to the picture of the small boy having castor oil forced down his throat because his mother thinks it's good for him. His mother's belief in the efficacy of the remedy doesn't make him any happier in taking it, and there is a rather widespread doubt as to the advisability of castor oil for small boys, anyway. I have no statistics at my command, but I should be willing to wager that for every individual who hears the Philharmonic, there are at least a dozen who wouldn't dream of missing the National Barn Dance. We can assume, I think, that the advertisers, imbued as they are with the profit

motive, are at least attempting to put on the air the kind of programs which will appeal to the largest number of potential buyers, and I cannot see how they would be furthering this low design if they insisted on thrusting the ubiquitous *Pennies from Heaven* upon a public which panted after Beethoven.

In the last analysis, I question the premise that the mass of Americans need good music. It seems to me that the idea of educating a public to an appreciation of culture comes close to the impossible. Any culture, if it is to be valid, must be a natural growth. The mind, the desires, of the people must turn to it of their own accord. If they do not embrace it readily, it is either because they are not yet ready for it, or because that particular art form is one which they instinctively feel to be foreign to them. It is possible that a certain percentage of the privileged class who attend concerts on the fashionable afternoons and evenings, would be more entertained by swing-music. They have, however, the price of season tickets, so they doze through two hours with the masters, content in the knowledge that thus they are supporting culture and doing their bit for the cause of art. The masses are more honest. Having no position to maintain, they listen to what they enjoy. And if they enjoy it, it is probably good for them.

II

Music, to my mind, is the most comprehensible of the arts, painting the

most difficult of understanding. In fact, I am inclined to believe that, leaving the professional critics out of it, only those who are themselves artists can appraise a canvas with any approach to a true evaluation of its worth as art. One has only to attend the advance showing of an exhibit at one of the well-known galleries, to realize how rare is the ability to view a picture intelligently, even among those privileged few who have been exposed to art from the cradle. They waver between the hysterical approach, and the more sophisticated pose which finds expression in the loose bandying-about of such terms as *chiaroscuro* or *dynamic symmetry*. They are aided and abetted in these posturings by a parasitic breed of art-racketeers who herd little groups of women from picture to picture, calling attention to the hidden meanings and spiritual conflicts expressed on this canvas or that.

The question is, whether it would be worth while to cultivate the same self-conscious kind of "appreciation" in the masses who are, so far, blissfully ignorant of the world of art. I doubt whether the millions who derive a healthy enjoyment from the antics of Mickey Mouse, would be any better off if they ambled through miles of galleries, squinting in the approved manner at the works of the masters. The man of wealth who adorns his drawing-room with an original for which he has paid \$50,000, is probably no happier in its ownership

than is Gus Erickson when he puts down five dollars for a red-barn-cow-and-sunset, complete with frame and done while you wait. The difference between the prices of the two pictures would be quite incomprehensible to Gus. While the rich man may have bought his original because it was a good investment, or simply as a means of demonstrating his ability to pay so high a price for something purely decorative, Mr. Erickson pays out his five dollars for no other reason than that he likes that particular red-barn-cow-and-sunset. Judged on this basis, it seems to me that Gus Erickson represents a more honest form of art-appreciation than does his compatriot, and it is nothing short of aesthetic snobbishness for anyone to insist that his taste ought to be forcibly elevated.

The phenomenal success of the Van Gogh collection, which played to crowded houses all across the country, was indicative less of a growing interest in art, in the United States, than it was of the potency of adroit advertising. According to the figures, 900,000 persons went to see these pictures (which may or may not be art, according to one's point of view). The eccentric Dutchman was given as clever a build-up as any imported movie-star, and I believe that the bewildered multitudes who tried earnestly to find some sympathetic note in his strange, distorted visions, were rather pathetic proofs of the soundness of that philosophy of showman-

ship enunciated by P. T. Barnum. The interest in Van Gogh seemed to me rather morbid, and definitely literary, stimulated as it was by a timely avalanche of books about his life and work, and by reams of newspaper publicity. Many of the 900,000, if they were honest, must have marveled that a grown man should sacrifice everything in order to turn out paintings which looked, to them, strangely like the work of third-grade children.

Yet, putting aside all such artificial stimuli, it seems to me that the general trend is toward better taste. Take the matter of household arts, as a practical example. Certainly no one who remembers the horrors of the average American interior in the early part of the century, will gainsay that we have moved forward in this direction, at least. The mission furniture, the golden oak, the festooned mantel-pieces and bamboo curtains, the crayon enlargements and the yards-of-pansies—these have happily vanished from all but the most remote farm homes. Cheap furniture is now being manufactured in simple designs, which are sometimes beautiful, if not durable. Inexpensive fabrics appear in charming colors and patterns, rugs are plain rather than ostentatious, and, most blessed release of all, the gewgaw and the gimcrack have been removed from the parlor table.

III

As for drama, I suspect that, if one were to grade all the theatrical offer-

ings which appear on Broadway in a season, from a standpoint of artistic merit, they would not rank a great deal higher, proportionately, than Hollywood's output for the same period. In the years since the war the theatre has remained more or less static, but no one will deny that the trend of talking-pictures has been definitely upward.

Comedy has certainly improved, musical productions are infinitely better than they were even two or three years ago; and there is no reason why, when it occurs to Mr. Laemmle or Mr. Zanuck that the American public has probably a keener relish for ironic humor than any other people, they should not concoct a piquant dish of burlesque to tickle its palate, now and again.

On the whole, I believe that the public gets what it wants, in the line of entertainment. That its taste is sufficiently catholic to embrace such widely-different fare as the animated cartoon and the lugubrious *Camille*, seems to indicate a robustness and vigor, which is rather admirable than otherwise. We may call a Beethoven symphony *art*, and a talking-picture *entertainment*, yet to the people who enjoy these very different modes of expression, the ultimate objective is identical. We wish to get outside ourselves, to escape for a brief respite into a world entirely removed from that which surrounds us, day in and day out. The underpaid, undernourished little clerk from the ten-

cent store, who revels in the dramatic moments of Garbo, has fully as authentic a claim to being called a patron of the arts, as have those of cultivated tastes who enjoy Mr. O'Neill at his rather depressing best.

IV

One can hardly say that the reading of books is the prerogative of those who can afford to buy them, when every city boasts a public library, and even very small towns have their Carnegie endowments. The consensus of opinion, among librarians, seems to show that the literary taste of the majority is, by slow degree, improving. But if the highly romantic novel and the detective yarn are still far ahead of serious works, in point of popularity, I think the situation can more logically be traced to certain idiosyncrasies of the American temperament, than to any widespread conspiracy on the part of economic royalists.

The American is not introspective. He is a doer of deeds, not a thinker-about-them. He turns to the literature of success because it is characteristic of his own emotional nature to be constantly aware of success and oblivious to the possibility of failure. It might be interesting to compare the themes of currently-popular fiction, with the folklore of older civilizations. I believe one might discover some very definite similarities. Siegfried was, perhaps, no more imposing to those who sang his exploits, than is the

detective who unravels an apparently insoluble mystery, to his admirers. And the errant Guinevere, though she is undoubtedly more picturesque, has something in common with the anonymous sisterhood whose confessions wring the heart of feminine America, month after month, in the pages of *True Story*.

V

It must be apparent that never before in history have the arts, in all degrees of quality from excellence to utter mediocrity, been so readily accessible to all men as they are today, and in this country. Economic slavery undoubtedly exists, political liberty is still incomplete, but freedom for individual creative expression, and the right to choose the cultural medium best adapted to one's taste, are accomplished facts. There are already steel-workers who like Beethoven, farmers who read Spinoza, bootblacks who discuss Cabell intelligently, but they are not a majority. They would enjoy the same things under a planned economy, and the other steel-workers and farmers and bootblacks would likewise continue to be excessively bored by such matters.

A committee of national arts and culture, humorlessly dedicated to the high purpose of foisting the uplift on the masses, would shortly find itself confronted, I fear, with a sovereign people rising up in its wrath to demand the return of Little Orphan Annie and Shirley Temple.

—CONSTANCE CASSADY

UP OR DOWN THE TREE?

*A COMMON SENSE ANSWER TO THE THEORIES
ABOUT THE UPWARD FLOW OF SAP IN TREES*



THERE are a number of physical facts with which everyone is familiar. The rising and setting of the sun, the blowing winds, blood circulation in animals, and sap in plants are several of the facts best known.

Man began early to speculate on the meaning of these facts. A Greek knew about the solar system over two thousand years ago, but evidently not many believed him. It was not until about four hundred years ago, when Nicolaus Koppernick, the Polish doctor (Copernicus) made a plan of the solar system, that it began to be generally known that the sun does not move through the sky.

Another very obvious physical fact is falling bodies. A Greek philosopher, over two thousand years ago, said a body weighing two pounds would fall twice as fast as one weighing one pound. About three hundred years ago Galileo went to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa and proved that bodies of all weights dropped with the same velocity. Even his fellow professors, who witnessed it, would not believe their eyes.

Until Harvey, it was believed that

blood moved through the tissues like air circulates in a room. More than twenty years after Harvey explained the circulation of blood, a learned writer published a book to prove he was wrong.

It has always been believed, and is still accepted as a scientific fact, that in the spring of the year, water starts ascending the trunks of trees and other vegetation that has survived the winter. It seems that water runs up the trunks of trees, even though it is contrary to the Law of Gravitation.

In three notable instances the best minds have been wrong about well-known physical facts. Is it not possible that this belief, too, is wrong?

About twenty years ago, I became interested in the ascension of sap. Why can water flow straight up in a tree trunk contrary to the Law of Gravitation? What is the scientific explanation?

Botany is a subject upon which science has left no stone unturned. Every leaf, every branch and every root of every plant on earth seems to have been examined and described. All of the scientists who have written

on the subject are in agreement that water does flow up the tree trunk.

All definitions of the word "sap" define it as a juice or as the circulating fluid of plants. The general understanding has been that the ascension of sap in vegetation is analogous with the circulation of blood in animals. But science admits that the means by which the supply of water is insured is not clearly understood. Botanists do not agree on the path which water takes in the structural elements of the tree.

The older opinion is that the water travels in the cell walls of the vascular bundles through action of root pressure and transpiration and that the cavities contain air. The other view is that the water travels in the cavities, in columns containing large bubbles of water, and is forced upwards by variations of pressure and tension in the vessels. It is admitted that these forces do not furnish a complete explanation and there are several others offered.

Two German scientists, Westermaier and Godlewski, offer the theory of a pumping apparatus but do not describe it. Dixon and Joly of Dublin and Askansay of Germany have suggested another way. They have shown that columns of water of very small diameter can resist tensile strain so they may be lifted bodily instead of flowing in a channel. They say there is a pull upwards by disturbances in the leaves. Bose of Calcutta says water is transported by physiological action

of living cells through rhythmic or pulsating activity. Evidently he assumes that the cells act like a bucket brigade, passing water one to another.

These explanations are given to show that scientists have taken for granted, like everyone else, that sap ascends in some manner in liquid form. Twenty years ago, I had the theory that sap does not ascend the plant in liquid form, but that *sap ascends the plant in vapor and descends in liquid form.*

Arguments against the liquid form were plentiful. Water will no more run up a tree trunk than any other incline. Nowhere could I find a trace of a pumping apparatus described. I gave up all thought of expecting anyone to accept my theory without proof.

Being familiar with steam heating plants, I was struck with the similarity of a tree, in the spring, with an ordinary steam heating plant. In the spring of the year the tree is dry, and consequently more tubular than it is in summer. This tubular condition of the tree trunk makes it similar to the pipes in a steam heating system.

A steam heating plant has a boiler to generate steam. From it large pipes lead off and branch into smaller pipes that run up to radiators in the building. In some systems the condensed steam returns in another set of pipes. In some the return of condensation is made in the same pipes that brought it up to the radiators. The latter, called a one-pipe system, is the one

which the tree resembles mechanically.

When a fire is built in the fire-box, the water in the boiler turns to steam (or vapor) and the pressure created forces the steam upwards through the pipes to the radiators. As the heat leaves the radiators the steam condenses into water and, the pipes being laid on a decline, the water flows back to the boiler.

The tree in the springtime is very much like the steam heating plant. The heat from the sun generates vapor at the base of the tree. The vapor ascends the tree trunk. When the sun sets, the atmosphere about the tree becomes cool. The vapor within the tree condenses and the liquid flows toward the base of the tree. This explains the more abundant flow of sap during the night.

Everyone will concede that sap is moved up in the plant by heat from the sun's rays. Of that there can be no question. Now if sap were caused to flow upward in liquid form by the sun, the flow through a tap would be greatest while the sun was giving the greatest heat. The opposite is the case. It has been proved that the flow of liquid sap through a tap in the trunk is the lightest during the time of greatest heat from the sun. Common sense will tell us it should be greatest at that time, were a column of liquid pierced by the tap.

What has deceived everyone is the apparent bleeding of the plant when a part has been amputated. It is not bleeding at all. What appears to be

liquid forcing its way out of the injured part is the rapid condensation of vapor as it strikes the air. Encasing the end of a limb quickly in a glass tube, after amputation, will stop the apparent flow of liquid at once. The common milk weed flows sap so copiously when amputated, that it appears to have a high pressure within. However, when the end is encased within a tube, the flow stops immediately.

For several years I experimented with different kinds of plants to prove the theory. By amputating the trunk and encasing each of the severed ends in a glass tube, open at each end, I sought to keep the severed or amputated end alive. The roots were kept moist. Both ends of the tube were taped to the trunk to make the space (usually one-half inch) between the severed ends air tight. The upper part of the plant was held in the same position it occupied before amputation. A clear view could always be had through the glass tube, between the amputated ends. *No liquid ever passed through the tube.* When placed in a cool place, to correspond with the night-temperature in spring, beads of liquid formed on the inside of the glass. This proved the theory that moisture was in the trunk in vapor form, condensing into liquid when the outside air became cool. There was more liquid in the beads of condensation than could be carried in the air within the tube even at the saturation point. This proved quite definitely that the

vapor within the trunk was moving.

The greatest success was had with onion sprouts. I have seen an onion sprout grow one-half inch in eight hours, completely severed near the bulb, and kept not less than one-half inch from the part from which it was severed. Both ends were inserted in opposite ends of a glass tube. Half an inch of clear glass between the ends permitted easy inspection at all times.

If sap in liquid form ascended the sprout, that portion of the tube between the severed ends would be filled with the liquid. Not a drop of liquid appeared in the opening. Whatever passed upward from the onion bulb to the upper part of the sprout went up in the form of vapor.

The experiment was repeated many times and was always successful. The upper or amputated part appeared as full of life as the unsevered sprouts proving conclusively that sap does not ascend the plant in liquid form.

However, there are seven other reasons which I will enumerate.

First: Water will not ascend any incline (other than through capillary action) without being forced. If there was any mechanism within the plant to force water upwards, it would have been discovered.

Second: A branch of a plant may be amputated, and with both ends encased in opposite ends of a glass tube, moisture will pass through the tube without being visible, and will condense on the sides of the glass tube if placed in a cool temperature.

Third: Moisture will ascend a dead trunk apparently as fast as a live one, thus proving that there is no mechanism to force it. The mechanism, had there been any, would surely have died with the trunk.

Fourth: A branch of a tree when amputated in the summer time, when the temperature is ninety degrees or over, will not "bleed" but will appear nearly as dry as a seasoned board. This was observed during the growing period.

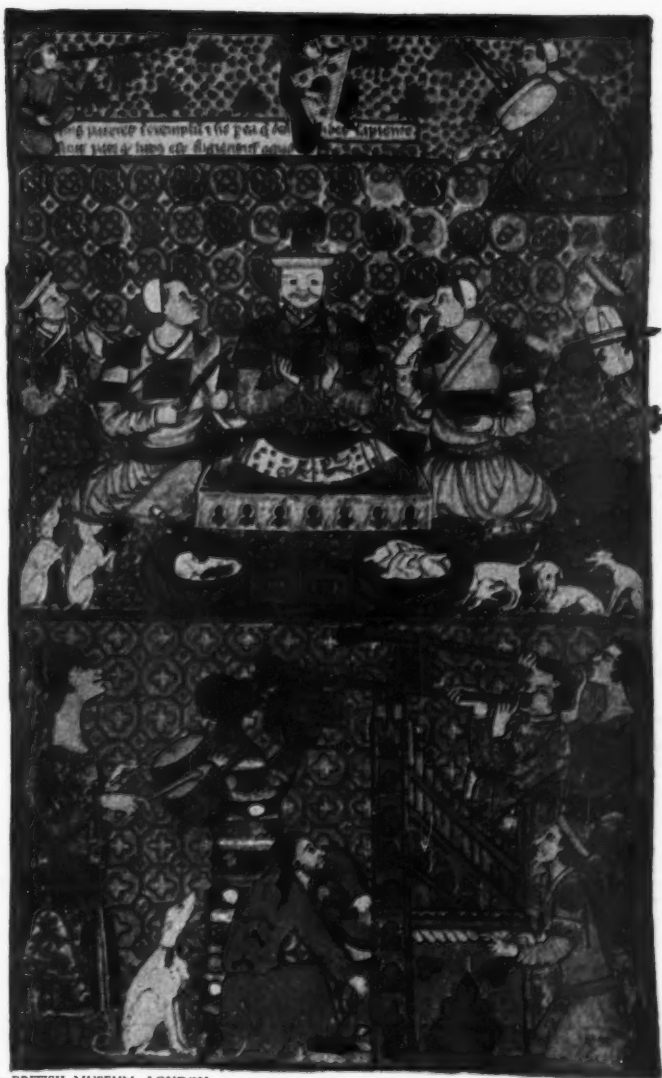
Fifth: Moisture will ascend a plant after the roots have been amputated, if the base of the trunk is immersed in water. This is proof that root pressure does not force the sap upwards.

Sixth: In many cases the greatest flow of sap occurs before the leaves appear on the branches. This proves that the movement of leaves has nothing to do with the movement of sap.

Seventh? When a tree trunk is tapped in two places, with one tap directly above the other, sap will flow from the tap farthest from the ground and will not flow from the lower tap. By tapping a tree several feet above another tap, the flow from the old tap will stop and the sap will flow through the new tap.

Had none of the great discoveries been made, no doubt we would all believe as did those who lived before the time of Copernicus, Galileo and Harvey. How long will people continue to believe that liquid sap runs up and down the tree trunk?

—JOSEPH CULLEN



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

The Vice of Gluttony, as visualized by Cybo, the Monk of the Golden Isles (Les Hyeres), who lived and labored (*circa* 1370) in the monastery of St. Honoratus, near Antibes. A shadowy figure of almost legendary fame as painter, poet and historian, since few known works survive.

JULY, 1937



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

CHILDREN OF THE RENAISSANCE

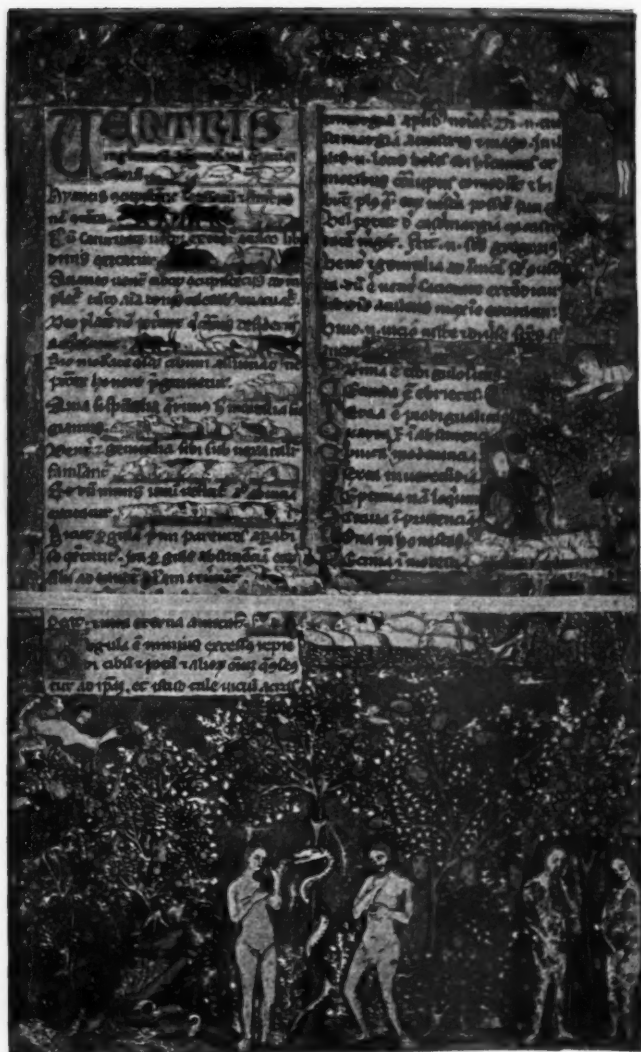
Throughout the fifteenth century the Florentine family of Della Robbia produced those works in glazed terra cotta that represent a marriage of sculpture and ceramics. Luca was the founder of the school but it was carried on by his nephew Andrea and by the latter's sons.



BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA

The works of the different members of the family are not easily distinguishable. The Della Robbias worked most frequently with white figures on a distinctive blue ground, as characteristic of Della Robbia Ware as the familiar blue and white combination in Wedgwood.

JULY, 1937



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

The Temptation and Fall, attributed to the Monk of the Golden Isles, who is supposed to have been born into the most noble and ancient Cybo family of Genoa in 1326, dying in the monastery of St. Honoratus in 1408. Compare with the Cranach version in the center spread.

BLACK SAVAGE PEACE

A PRACTICAL IDEA FOR CIVILIZED TOURISTS
WHO WANT TO GO WHERE THEY'LL BE SAFE



"WELL, madame, the Butler Tours feel responsible for the safety of their clients. It is a policy of our house, but this year we must issue warnings for we can no further take the responsibility. The world is very headstrong these days and we want you to know the exact truth."

"Yes, my sister and I would like to spend our vacation this year in a very quiet place abroad."

"Yes, madame, I know exactly. But we cannot guarantee . . . Now if only the diplomats would call a truce for July and August and allow us to get our bookings complete and our clients safely home then all would be well . . . Where do you think you would like to visit?"

"We were thinking of Ireland."

"Very highly recommended, madame, but the new Constitution promises to divide the government and we are forced to remind our tourists of the British policy."

"Well then, Norway and Sweden."

"Yes, this land is ideal. Most civilized; but we recently had a letter from our Stockholm office about . . . Well, it's rather confidential and con-

cerns a diplomatic matter which involves trade with some of the central European powers. Besides if you were thinking of bathing we have for the past twenty-five years taken temperature readings of the best fiords and . . ."

"We were in France several years ago and enjoyed it greatly."

"Ah, times were different! You know of course what is going on now. The government is only a makeshift compromise and between the red and the blue a good deal of blood may be spilled. The French go in for violence so easily."

"It is really too bad there is revolution in Spain for we would have loved it . . . So romantic."

"Well, madame, we are selling a good many tickets for the revolution because people are so bored these days they want to go sight seeing. We ask them to get a letter from the editor of their local newspaper and that makes them foreign correspondents. Many of them hope to get snap-shots of dead women and children. Magazines now are anxious to publish such photographs. Horror is in vogue. But we waive responsibility and

guarantee nothing. The risk is theirs."

"No; Spain would never do. But how about a pleasant retreat in Austria or Roumania?"

"Well, it's just as bad. Any day these Eastern European lands may be invaded by the dictator countries. And summer is always the best time for a little troop marching. You would be safer by far in a dictator's land."

"We thought of that already. But we are not blond and cannot produce a full Aryan genealogy and therefore Germany is out. And Russia . . . We just can't stand the mournful singing that we hear in their movies and besides we had a cousin who was there and the stories he told . . . And Italy; we are afraid that since the soldiers were so badly beaten in Spain they will be quite inhospitable to foreigners."

"Quite right, madame."

"But is there no place we can go that is really safe?"

"Madame, there is. But we are keeping it quite secret and reserved for a very few of our select people." He drew a map from under the counter and unfolding it slowly and dramatically spread it on the counter before her. He spoke in a whisper. "Here it is," pointing with his pencil to some island in a vast blue space.

"Where is it?"

"Borneo, madame."

"The head-hunters!"

"Yes, madame. The romantic head-hunters."

"The savages!"

"Yes, madame, the beautiful savages."

"The wild tribes?"

"Yes, madame. We are making disc records of their wonderful war cries."

"But is it safe?"

He leaned over the counter giving it all a confidential air. "Madame, we are keeping our findings secret. No safer place exists in the whole world. Here are the figures for the past twenty-five years. Killed in each country so many millions, this column on this side are those killed through natural causes such as wars, revolutions, executions or assassinations. And here on the right are the unnatural causes, such as train wrecks in Russia and auto deaths in the United States. Well, examine the list and you will notice, madame, that the civilized countries are on top and the lands of the savages have very few killed. In Sumatra one missionary was killed by mistake some years ago but that was because they established schools in that country. Education and hatred go hand in hand. But in Borneo where the savages are blacker and wilder not a single soul has perished. They are so kind, so friendly, so hospitable. They do not expect the tourists to pay their national debt. And anything you bring them from the five and ten cent store is greatly appreciated. Besides they have good water safe to drink. In what European country is the water fit to drink? In fact, madame . . . Here I show you some photographs.

Yes, that is the first thing. On arrival you and your sister will be measured for grass skirts and then the chief will come forward and present you with strings of beads which will make you blood sisters of the tribe. From that moment on the island belongs to you."

"How thrilling!"

"Yes. And more. They have true brotherhood and peace unknown to the rest of the world. They do not even know the meaning of the word taxes. It does not exist in their language. They are very tolerant and pay no attention to nudists. Also, they have no traffic lights, no highway accidents, no factory smoke, no child labor, no occupational diseases, in fact . . . We must ask you to keep this island of savage peace quite confidential. We reserve it for our special clients and we do not want large numbers to go there and put ideas into the heads of the savages. What we fear most are the economists. We discourage them from visiting this place for we feel they will bring the notion of central government and the credit system to the tribes and once these take root then all the other evils are bound to follow. And so you will understand why we are not advertising this island in our regular tours."

"Yes, I quite understand."

"And I must tell you also that we now have scouts out among the Bushmen and other primitive peoples for we are anxious to find the real havens of peace in the world which can be

guaranteed as safe places, restful and at the same time places . . . People want to write novels and other books or they want to take photographs with little cameras and not run into fortifications; and we are compiling a list of safe and desirable subjects."

"Yes, I must confess that my sister and I were thinking of a book."

"Now in Borneo the native designs in weaving and the war-paint zig-zags remain to this day unrecorded. Also, a book on the marriage customs with photographs would find a waiting publisher. In fact the whole land is, if one can say it, a place where the hand of man never set foot."

"It sounds wonderful. And besides these photographs of their children are so darling. Put us down for an outside cabin on the first boat out."

"Yes, madame. And you will have no regret. The Butler Tours stand back of Savage Peace and we guarantee you will find real quiet and contentment among the beautiful head-hunters."

"Why has no one thought of it before?"

"Madame, if I dare make a prophecy, I would say the wild savages will in the end save our civilization. They will soon bring light to our modern dark ages. Next year we are going to list our Black Savage Peace tours, and we are at present engaging our guides. Only gentlemen who were formerly delegates to the League of Nations are qualified to serve."

—MANUEL KOMROFF

THE SIGHTS OF HISTORY

WHAT HAPPENED TO A HISTORIAN WHEN
HE OPENED HIS WINDOWS TO THE STREET



HE LET the doctor examine him, and even speak, then he said:

"No, no, doctor: if I have fallen ill I know why. I have not committed any imprudence or any excess. My life has remained what it has always been. I'm a plain, studious, hard-working man. I'm a historian. It's my occupation and my pleasure. When one has an occupation which is also a pleasure the story of one's life ends there. A mind which travels the world, which travels the ages, and a body shut up inside the four walls of a study, that is what I am.

"I have only done lately what I have done all my life. I get up, I work, I leave my house to go to the Library, I come home quickly, in a hurry to be with my documents again, I work, I take a little walk by way of relaxation, perhaps I go up and round the Luxembourg, perhaps I go down to the quays, I dine, I work, and I go to bed. It is only by habits of this sort, I have always been convinced, that work of importance gets done: there is so much to know and life is so short.

"Which does not prevent certain of my friends from calling me a fanatic.

Oh yes, I am one. Like all real historians. We are intense recluses. Fanatic! It's the word that my old friend Cicalard always throws at me when we have a talk, especially when I tell him—I have told it to him a thousand times—the great regret of my life.

"The tragedy of it is, you see, Cicalard, that history is a beautiful fruit with a taste of ashes. These wonderful events and these great men, we can represent them to ourselves but we have not been able to see them. We can know the least significant, the most minute details of such and such a day in history, we can know the whole life, the whole soul and appearance—down to the texture of his skin and to his laundry bills—of such and such a personage, but we can never have lived that day or watched that man going about his affairs. The living impact is always missing. History, Cicalard, is like a film at a cinema. It is only, can only be, the representation of something that has been. The actors in it, like the actors on the screen, are life-like but never alive. It's a macabre dance. There is a terrible sense of frustration, Cicalard, in

thinking that whatever event it may be that moves us deeply, the taking of the Bastille or the return of the Cendres, you can never have taken part in it, and that so much greatness will have gone its way on the earth without your having been in its passage.'

"Yes, I have said that to Cicalard a thousand times, and a thousand times I have shaken him by the arm and added, with a certain amount of excitement, no doubt:

"Think of it, Cicalard! You're walking across the gardens of the Palais Royal; there's a restless crowd there; people are shouting and singing; a young man takes the chair you were just making for—you, Cicalard—gets up on it, and speaks: it's Camille Desmoulins! Or this: you're having your aperitif at the Café de la Régence, someone comes in, sits down at a table near yours, you offer him the newspaper that you have just finished reading, he smiles, thanks you—you, you, Cicalard!—and it's Musset! Or this: you're a Paris loafer standing in the front row of a frenzied mass of people: you're watching the return of the Grand Army! Or simply this: you're going along a quiet street on the left bank, a carriage comes past you, in the carriage the face of a most beautiful woman: you've just seen Madame Récamier, Cicalard!"

"And always, the thousand times that I have said that to him, I have shaken his arm harder and cried:

"Come, come, Cicalard! Is it not

dreadful, does it not drive one to despair, to think that we can't have been that man in the Park or in the café, or that loafer in the crowd, or that passer-by? And he has laughed and answered: 'You're a fanatic.' But I was not ashamed of my fanaticism. It seemed so legitimate.

"And then, doctor, there's this. The other day, on opening my newspaper, I read this heading: 'Death Of A Very Great Poet.' There followed an article and a poem. I read the poem: it was magnificent. I read the article. In it they said: '—always a bohemian, he lived in a room in an old house, Number 67 Rue de Tournon . . . 67 Rue de Tournon, but that's my house! The great poet was the old man on the seventh floor, then!

"This old man . . . I passed him sometimes, not often, on the stairs. I used to go past him stiffly, looking the other way, for he smelt of wine and always had some painted girl in tow. I never spoke to him; I only sent him word by the caretaker to keep a proper watch on his dog, which made messes on my door-mat. A very great poet . . . I have read his poems several times. He was certainly a great poet. Perhaps I would be less sure of it if he were not dead. But a historian has a flair for posterity.

"This evening, doctor, as it was getting dark, I came back from my daily walk along the quays, much later than usual, and very disturbed . . .

"I was thinking, I was thinking, and I discovered some things . . .

"I discovered, for example, that there was a day, in my own lifetime, when the victorious Allied troops, at the end of the World War, marched to the Champs Elysées. Indeed, a great day.

"I remembered that someone—wait, it was Cicalard—said to me: 'You're going to watch it?' I answered: 'Oh no! There will be a mad crowd. You'd get stifled, trampled on. You'd wait four or five hours and then see practically nothing at all between two shoulders. I've a horror of crowds at any time. No, I shall stay sensibly at home. Sundays and holidays are the best times for working.'

"I discovered that I had not gone to Joffre's funeral, that I had not put myself out to go and look at the Head of a State who was on a visit, and—what else?

"A number of things. That I had avoided all the social affairs that had come my way, that the other Sunday, now, I refused an invitation to lunch

with some friends of mine who live near Père Lachaise because there was a political demonstration being held that day at the Mur des Fédérés. 'The traffic will be upset,' I said. And perhaps I might have seen the beginning of a revolution. Perhaps. Perhaps not. There it is, one doesn't know whether what one sees is important . . .

"And then I thought a little more. And I thought that just as I had always regretted never having the chance to see Louis XIV, Danton, Napoleon, or the painter of La Gioconda with my own eyes, so I regretted never having known a great attachment . . . There have been several women in my life. They have come and gone without my paying much attention to them. Now I am wondering whether, there too, there was not some fine sight that I could have seen but did not know, poor imbecile, how to see . . .

"It's since then, doctor, that I have been ill."
—ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

THE RACE

THE tortoise never swerved from the course. He looked neither to the left nor to the right. He had eyes only for the goal and mind only on the prize. Mercilessly, inch by painful inch, he dragged himself onward in a straight, unbroken line.

The hare was obviously the better man and was off to an early lead. But he could not pass a strange road without darting off his course to in-

vestigate as far as he dared, and sometimes farther. There were many such bypaths on the course, some dark and forbidding, some bright and promising. To the inquisitive, wide-eyed hare all beckoned irresistibly. He was now thrilled, now terrified by what he found. But he missed not one.

The tortoise reached the goal first. Who won what?

—HOWARD BLAKE

MR. BOLUS CHECKS UP

A LESSON IN OFFICE MANNERS FOR THOSE
WHO WOULD LIKE TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS



"THE trouble with this business," remarked Ellison W. Bolus, statistical research manager for the Arbutus Machine Corporation, "is that we never seem to get to first base."

His listener was young Eddie Delve, assistant research manager.

"Now you take the sales department, for instance," went on Mr. Bolus. "It's over-staffed—that's what's the matter with it! There's Hanfft in Chicago, Sweetley on the Coast, Russharge in Dallas, and old Tom Thadwick sitting around doing nothing down in Baltimore. One good man could handle the whole job!"

"I think you're right," agreed young Mr. Delve.

"I told R. F. the other day that I thought he ought to do something about the billing department," Mr. Bolus went on to say. "Last week they were a full day-and-a-half behind the odd-ticket sorters. I have a hunch the trouble is with Plackett in the shipping. He never gets his tags up to the billing before 3:30."

"I know—" Mr. Delve started to say, but Bolus interrupted him.

"And I don't think very much of

this new chap, Pixie, they've just put in charge in the Buenos Aires office. If he was any good, British-Astrakhan would never have let him go."

"Oh, did he used to be with them?" asked Mr. Delve.

Mr. Bolus seemed not to have heard the question. He was looking out the window at his left.

"Just look at that billboard over there," he remarked suddenly. "That's the way to sell goods! They know their business, those Birkenhead guys. They've got ideas and they know how to use 'em. That's what we need here, too—ideas. Ideas and a good organization. We'll never get to first base here so long as R. F. is running this outfit. He's not the man for the job. Well, come on, let's get out and get some lunch."

"Okay," said Mr. Delve. "I was just thinking of that myself."

Eleven mornings later, Miss Bunsen, telephone operator for the Arbutus Machine Corporation, was interrupted while polishing her fingernails to answer a call. "Mr. Bolus?" she said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bolus isn't with us any more."

—AL GRAHAM

FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR

THE FIRST WOMAN PHYSICIAN HAD TO
POSE AS A MAN FOR FIFTY YEARS



PROFESSIONAL "First Ladies" have been widely exploited since freedom first began to ring for women. Yet there has been silence for more than sixty years concerning the most remarkable of them all—the first woman doctor.

At the time of her death in 1865 she was an Army Inspector General of Hospitals for Great Britain. She appears at the top of the list in *Harl's Army Manual* and is mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Yet her real name, to this day, is unknown.

For more than fifty years she lived and worked among men in many parts of the world, yet it was only after her death at the age of seventy-one that the secret of her sex was revealed. It was said that an autopsy disclosed the fact that she once had been a mother. There was a rumor that her child was a leper and that she visited it each year in a remote mountain retreat.

When she died the *London Times* carried an extended story of her highly honorable professional career. Next day a crisp official report notified the Horse Guards that the Army Inspector General was a woman!

This startling statement put the British Government "on the spot." Eleven years were to elapse before the Parliament got around to passing a law permitting universities to grant medical degrees to women, and for some time thereafter the British Medical Association was to refuse them admission to membership.

Up to the day of her death not the slightest shadow of suspicion concerning the doctor's secret had dawned upon those who had been closely associated with her—the officers and men of the army, the landlady of her lodgings, the black servant who had lived with her for many years.

One day in 1812 the Regius Professor at Oxford received a brilliantly written thesis from "James Barry," then under twenty. That a woman could have written it did not occur to him. When she entered college she was described as "a frail looking young man." During her student days she was aloof and queer and she had "an amusing habit of keeping her arms folded across her chest." She would not box—this was queer indeed. Occasionally she showed femi-

nine instincts, such as nervousness at going through rough neighborhoods at night and repeated requests for fellow students to accompany her.

She divulged not a shred of information as to her family. Some said she was the granddaughter of a Scotch Earl, and there was a flimsy story to the effect that she adopted the medical profession because of an attachment to an army surgeon who had died. There were even rumors that she was of royal birth.

Seven years after she took her degree at Edinburgh she reappeared as an Army surgeon. Dr. Barry was by no means a model "young man." At Cape Town she was staff-surgeon to the garrison and the medical adviser to the Governor who described her as "the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men."

In *More Tramps Abroad* Mark Twain gives a description of a portrait of the young doctor which he saw during a visit to South Africa:

"I saw in one of the fine old Dutch mansions a quaint old picture which was a link in a curious romance—a picture of a pale intelligent young man in a pink coat with a high black collar. It was a portrait of a Doctor James Barry, a military surgeon, who came to the Cape fifty years ago with his regiment. He was a wild young fellow, and was guilty of various kinds of misbehavior. He was several times reported to headquarters in England and it was expected in each case that orders would come to deal with him

properly and severely, but for some mysterious reason no orders ever came back. Once he was called in the night to do what he could for a woman who was believed to be dying. He was prompt and scientific and saved both mother and child. The child was named after him and still lives in Cape Town. He had Dr. Barry's portrait painted and gave it to the gentleman in whose house I saw it."

In Lord Albemarle's *Fifty Years of My Life* he tells of meeting Dr. Barry when, as a young man, he visited South Africa:

"There was at this time at the Cape a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention—Dr. James Barry, staff-surgeon to the garrison and medical adviser to the Governor. I had heard so much of this capricious yet privileged gentleman that I had a great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterwards sat next to him at one of the regimental messes. In this learned pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently my own age, with an unmistakably Scotch type of countenance—reddish hair, high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner which he seemed always trying to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess table in those days of non-competitive examinations.

"A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel,

and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and, on more than one occasion, was sent home under arrest; but, somehow or other, his offenses were always condoned at headquarters."

Dr. Barry's antagonist in the duel was a young aide-de-camp named Colete, afterwards Sir Josiah Colete.

This was not the first nor the last duel Dr. Barry fought. Years later when she was stationed in Quebec she excused herself from a dinner party to go and fight a duel, with bare fists, with a man who had said her voice was squeaky.

On one occasion a man traveled in the same cabin with the Doctor on an inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbados. He occupied the top bunk, Dr. Barry, the Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, the lower. Every morning she called him early saying: "Now, youngster, clear out while I dress." He had to leave the stateroom whatever agonies of sea-sickness he might be suffering. A savage dog that she had with her saw to it that the injunction was obeyed.

On this trip a goat was kept on board to provide milk for her. She was a strict vegetarian and she drank no liquor. At the General's table where she sat she amused everyone by telling "outrageous tales about her powers as a lady killer."

Despite her eccentricities and the strange secret she guarded so well for half a century, this woman left a rec-

ord of professional achievement of which any man might well be proud. In her numerous reports she proved herself a skillful, conscientious physician. She wrote fearlessly and frankly and was always ready to expose incompetence wherever she found it. She is responsible for many important reforms. As Inspector of the Colonial Medical Board she insisted that every chemist should have to pass an examination. This aroused heated controversy, but she finally won her point. She herself always dispensed her own medicine. When she entered a sick room where another doctor had been she insisted on all drugs formerly prescribed being taken away. She took great interest in lepers and made a profound study of the leper problem.

For high courage nothing could exceed the spirit of this woman who was so far ahead of her time that, to achieve her purpose, she renounced her sex. She chose to compete with men on their own ground, and the archives of the British Empire bear evidence of her success.

A gray fog covered Kensal Cemetery when I stood at the neglected grave of this remarkable woman. Letter by letter, I deciphered the inscription:

DR. JAMES BARRY
Inspector General of Army Hospitals
Died July 15, 1865.
Aged 71 years.

This is the British Empire's only tribute to the first woman doctor.

—IDA CLYDE CLARK

DO YOU DILLY-DALLY?

THE RIGHT-HANDED VEST BUTTONER CAN
SAVE TWO SECONDS BY USING BOTH HANDS



A FRIEND of mine once became so vexed with himself because of the time he wasted in getting dressed and ready for breakfast each morning that he undertook a kind of scientific study of dressing—just as one might study certain mechanical operations in a factory.

He let himself imagine that the house was on fire and tried to dress as he would under such circumstances. While he couldn't dress as rapidly as if the house really were on fire, yet he convinced himself that he could dress in a small fraction of the usual time.

First of all, he found that the most wasteful part of getting ready for breakfast was taking a tub bath. He could take a first-class shower in one minute, which is less time than is required to fill a tub.

He discovered that the proper order of morning events—if one chances to be a man rather than a woman—is first to shave, then brush the teeth, and after that the shower. If he brushed his teeth first he had to wash the grit from his face before shaving to avoid dulling the razor. By taking the shower last he could wash his face

as well as the rest of him at one operation.

He timed himself while putting on a starched collar and four-in-hand tie and found that it took twenty-eight seconds, which is said to be about the average time for most people.

To put cuff links into a soft shirt, with cuffs that turn back, required thirteen seconds.

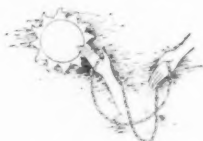
He next conducted an interesting little experiment in the simple operation of buttoning a vest. Regardless of whether he used the right or left hand, it took him six seconds—one second per button. He tried using both hands on each button and the total time was still six seconds. Then he made a revolutionary discovery. By using the right hand on No. 1 button, and the left hand on No. 2, simultaneously, and then dropping down to the third and fourth buttons, the time could be cut by one-third.

Maybe it isn't important to most of us to know how much time we devote to getting dressed. But dressing is probably as good an operation as any to learn how many odds and ends of time we waste.

—FRED C. KELLY

BLUE EARTH AND AMBER

THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT IT WAS SUN-FOAM,
AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS



IN EAST PRUSSIA, that part of Germany that is separated from the rest of the Reich by the Polish Corridor and squeezed in between various provinces of Poland and little Lithuania, there is a unique mining camp. The methods and machines used are not particularly unusual. What makes the mine unique is the product that is dug from a certain layer of sand not very deep under the normal surface of the terrain. Nowhere else on earth can it be found. But it is known and valued everywhere on earth, Hindoos value it, Mohammedans use it in their prayers, Italians still cling to the tradition from Roman days that it is good as a charm and jewelers of all nations know the steady demand for it. In addition to all this scientists and museums are constantly on the lookout for especially large or otherwise interesting pieces.

The material that is found in this unique mine is amber. And the amber mine near the small Prussian town of Palmnicken is the only amber mine on earth.

Though this mine has existed little more than sixty years amber is known

from the dawn of written historical tradition. Especially ancient Rome delighted in its use and the author of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" of his time, Pliny the Elder, devoted considerable space to the prized and mysterious substance in his writings.

Most of what he said is sound and correct.

Amber, he related, came only from the coasts of the northern ocean, somewhere far in the north where Germania borders the sea. Possibly there existed a vast "estuary" (body of shallow water) and each spring, when the storms were raging in the north, amber was thrown upon the shore. The Goths, that were living up there, collected it, burned a part of their harvest and bartered the rest to the Teutons who, in turn, traded it with Roman merchants.

Thus the prized yellow stone came to Rome, to be used for jewelry of all descriptions, to be burned together with frankincense in the temples, to be worn as a charm even by poor peasant girls. Pliny, old and somewhat fussy and grouchy Roman colonel as he was, related all these things in a

way that shows that he heartily disagreed with such a luxury, especially since the *faible* for amber made some of the "modern ladies" of ancient Rome dye their hair amber-colored. It may be remarked that most of the evil reputation of Imperial Rome is due to Pliny's railing.

We do not know exactly what body of water is meant by the word "estuary." Possibly the estuary is one of the shallow brackish water "Haffs" on the German part of the shore of the Baltic Sea, possibly it is the entire Baltic.

Fact is that only the Baltic really deserves the term "amber sea." Amber has occasionally been found around the North Sea—and it is a proven fact that there was much more amber in the North Sea in Roman days than there is now—but the vast majority of all known pieces of amber can be traced to places on the shores of the Baltic. The part of the Baltic where amber is sufficiently concentrated to make it worth while looking for it is the stretch of land between the harbor of Pillau and the Kurische Nehrung, the tongue of sand dunes that separate the Haff from the sea.

Most of the amber beds are now covered with water, only near Palmnicken, the location of the only amber mine, the stratum extends for a short distance inland, in other places it appears just to touch the shore line. Digging near Palmnicken from the surface one encounters first—after a superficial stratum of sand and marl—a bed of lignite with light sands and gray

clays and finally a stratum of green-sand. The green-sands of the Samland are 40 to 50 feet thick, and there is much amber found in them. The real amber layer, however, is not encountered until one penetrates to the bottom of the green-sand. There is a layer of only four to five feet in thickness, the "blue earth." It is saturated with amber, and looking at a cross section of blue earth stratum one cannot help but think of a raisin cake with decidedly too many raisins in it.

Where the blue earth forms the bottom of the sea unprotected by other layers the water washes the yellow raisins from the blue dough. Although amber is almost buoyant (its specific gravity is between 1.05 and 1.10) it does not float ordinarily. But the very moment a storm disturbs the quietness of the blue Baltic the pieces of amber are whirled to the surface and each wave carries some of them to the shore. The fishermen know this from long tradition and experience. Early at dawn, as early as the light permits proper seeing after a stormy night, they are on the job, equipped with hip boots and specially constructed nets and harvest each wave when it rolls in. The women and children meanwhile scrutinize the beach and rip clusters of seaweed apart. Frequently amber is wrapped up in floating seaweed, torn from its "roots" by the same storm that washed the amber out of its beds. All amber found belongs to the Prussian State and there are heavy fines for hoarding it, but the fishermen have no reason to

bring themselves in conflict with the law, since the Prussian State pays them well for the amber they bring.

The mining, undertaken by the government directly, duplicates the natural process. It is surface mining, baggers and steam shovels dig sand and marl and clay away till the blue earth lies open. Jets of water under pressure are then applied and wash the blue earth—it is similar but in a sense the reverse of gold digging. Here the lightest pieces are sought for, not the heaviest ones. Usually the pieces are of remarkable size, but only a small percentage of all amber mined is good enough to be used for jewelry and similar purposes; the remainder is distilled for succinic acid, amber oil and amber varnish.

It is superfluous to describe the appearance of amber, as its rich yellow color has become proverbial. Sometimes the color tends to be reddish, and, if saturated with sand and other impurities, dark brown and even black. Occasionally one finds pieces with air bubbles, and if they are very numerous and tiny the whole piece looks whitish. It is a famous trick to saturate such amber with oil as well as it can be done, for the oil, in filling up the air bubbles, makes them seemingly disappear. For a long time many good but very small pieces had to be used for the manufacture of amber oil or varnish. Then it was found that these good pieces could be made to fuse when heated under pressure. This product, which goes by the names of

pressed amber or "ambroid," has practically all the features of naturally large sized amber pieces.

The name of amber is a curious misunderstanding, like so many other names from other languages. In Germany, the amber country, matters are very clear. Amber is called Bernstein, originally Börnstein, meaning burning stone. But the English amber is derived from the Arab, probably via the Spanish language. Originally the Arab *anbar* which is the root word of our amber did not mean the "gold of the Baltic" but *amberggris*.

Another old name is "karabe," which translated means "that which attracts straw," evidently referring to the well-known property of amber to attract small bits of non-metallic stuff when rubbed. The tremendous natural force hidden behind this small phenomenon derives its very name from another word for amber: the Greek "elektron." Unfortunately this word was also used for a certain alloy of silver and gold so that it is now often-times difficult to determine whether certain passages in ancient writings in Greek refer to amber or to this alloy. Pliny also related the term of the ancient Germans for their trade goods; according to him they called amber "glesum," the latinized form of the Germanic word which evidently constitutes the root word of our "glass."

There was some doubt in the ancient world as to the true nature of amber. Pliny—remember that he was a rather choleric old army man—

commented curtly that "Greek authors are lying profusely on this subject." They said that it might be condensed sea scum, or rather an impurity of the water condensing into amber when the water froze to ice. Others, more poetical than this brand of philosophers, believed it to be sun-foam, which thought corroborated the Greek word "elektron" which is derived from "elektor," "sun glare."

Pliny himself preferred the name "succinum"—"sap stone" in translation—since this name hinted at the true origin. He fully agreed with all those that believed amber to be a type of hardened resin, or, as we express it with modern terms, a type of fossil resin.

When asked why amber is believed to be a fossil resin a scientist of our time would probably point out that it burns like resinous wood, that its scent while burning is similar to the scent of burning resins and that there are frequently small insects and bits of flowers and other plants imbedded in pieces of amber which proves that it was originally a liquid. Pliny gave exactly the same answers, but there was one important difference. He believed that his "amber resin" had hardened a few years prior to his time. Therefore the amber forest must exist somewhere in the North and might be located by an explorer.

We know now that the amber forest existed about a million years ago, at some time near the beginning of the "tertiary period" of geologists.

But we are still ignorant as to its exact location. At first it was believed that the amber forest primeval grew somewhere on the terrain now covered by the waters of the Baltic, touching the present day shore line in those points where "blue earth"—which, incidentally looks black with a greenish hue—is found on the Samland Coast. This assumption seemed corroborated by the fact that small and commercially worthless deposits of "brown coal" were found in immediate vicinity of deposits of blue earth. It seemed, as if this coal was what had been left of the trees that produced amber resin. But then it became evident that amber deposits and coal deposits are in no way related. Unmistakable remains of marine animals were found in layers of blue earth, sea urchins, shrimps and crabs and teeth of fossil sharks. Therefore it is now a generally accepted theory that the amber forest primeval did not grow in or near those places where blue earth is found nowadays, but that these layers were transported to their present site by currents of the sea. The original site is still a mystery.

To make matters complicated those later trees that produced the coal deposits seem to have produced resins too. There are three or four varieties of fossil resins known from the Samland district that are not amber. Fortunately, to tell true amber from all other fossil resins, it is only necessary to make a chemical analysis and to determine the amount of succinic acid.

All fossil resins contain it, but only in minute quantities. Amber, however, shows a percentage as high as five and more per cent. For this reason mineralogists revived Pliny's ancient name of "succinum" and call amber "succinite." This term is to avoid misunderstandings and confusions of amber and one of the other twenty-odd varieties of fossil resins known to science.

The fact that the amber deposits are truly enormous—alone in 1925 not less than 1,200,000 pounds were mined at Palmnicken—led experts to assume a special disease of the amber pines, a disease that forced the trees to produce resin in excessive quantities. The hypothetical disease has been named "succinosus." What caused this disease is not known.

Amber is nowadays an important branch of German export business, owned and managed solely and with extraordinary efficiency by the Prussian State. The bulk of amber production is mined at Palmnicken.

The raw material is at first assorted as to color and quality. At the same time pieces of scientific value—those containing "inclusions" of insects or parts of plants—are put aside. They are usually ground to flat pieces and highly polished so that the inclusions can be seen plainly as if they were embedded in yellow glass. Especially interesting pieces usually go to the Amber Museum in Königsberg, the others being sold to collectors.

All amber that is of dark color or

full of impurities falls prey to the chemical factory that turns it into succinic acid or varnish. Only good pieces without inclusions reach the plant where they are used as raw material for jewelry and the many articles of daily use that can be made of amber. The waste produced in the manufacturing processes is carefully collected and together with the pieces that were too small from the outset subjected to the treatment that changes a barrel full of amber gravel into a bundle of sticks of ambroid. Cigar and cigarette holders, pen holders and similar articles are usually made of ambroid.

Since true amber is found nowhere else than near the Baltic and to a small extent near the North Sea it has often been asked how soon the supply may give out. Since 1875 approximately thirty-six million pounds of amber have been mined at Palmnicken and there is no reason to assume that the mine is near exhaustion. How much amber washed up by the waves has been found since Pliny's time is beyond the power of statisticians, one million pounds is as good a guess as ten million pounds. These come from unknown deposits at the bottom of the seas which probably are not smaller than the only known "dry" deposit near Palmnicken. In fact they are probably larger and all those interested in amber—commercially or otherwise—might well hope for another fifty million pounds during the next fifty years. —WILLY LEY

TALKING AT CONCERTS

A REPORT FROM ONE WHO LISTENS AT
CONCERTS, BUT NOT TO THE MUSIC



WHEN I was young and innocent I used to ask myself why people talked at concerts. Why, I said to myself, do they pay \$2 and \$3 to come here and chatter when they might stay home or go to a park and do it with less disturbance? As a matter of fact, what kind of people talk at concerts? The kind that chatter all the time no matter where they are or the kind that are usually silent and require some particular stimulus such as a Bach figure to bring them out?

I could never find the answers. The most inveterate concert-goers proved drab subjects for interviews. Most were tongue-tied on this one subject. I could only form a few vague conclusions: that most people are bored with concerts and attend only because they're driven to it by some faulty functioning of their glands, that they hate to sit still, that they grow nervous in the face of a performer, that they like to clap for encores.

Failing in my investigation I turned to another question: What do people talk about at concerts? What's behind the murmurs and whispers? Answering this took strenuous work: going to

concerts regularly, twisting my neck out of shape, hopping from one place to another, hiding under seats, etc., etc. The result of all this I have embodied in my work, "The Anthology of Sp-sp-ppp." This monumental work is now complete but I have decided (in the hope that all other authors of monumental works will do likewise) to withhold publication.

But just to prove that my life has not been completely misspent I want to give a few examples. Here they are, five authentic examples of what people talk about at concerts, drawn from pages 5, 16, 234, 386 and 497:

1. While Lotte Lehmann was singing *Allerseele*: Fat woman to another fat woman: "That coughing is annoying."

2. While Toscanini was giving the signal to the chorus in Beethoven's Ninth: College boy to his girl: "What was it you said about Katie's hat?"

3. While Marian Anderson was singing Schubert's *Ave Maria*: Horned-rimmed young man of type caricaturists call "intellectual" to female of same type: "I was trying to think of that man's name . . . it was Bertie!"

4. While Artur Schnabel was getting into the second movement of Beethoven's Op. 53: Dowager who had studied pictures of Queen Mary to another dowager still living under the Clara Bow influence: "I wish we'd bought the salted nuts. These things are too rich."

5. While Kreisler was playing Paganini's 24th Caprice: Little man with ear trumpet addressing himself to first fifteen rows: "It started off like *The Isle of Capri*."

My anthology lists thousands more but for the average reader this should be enough.

The truth is out now but I should hate to have it provoke any violent action. Many concert-goers who believed all along that their neighbors were exchanging big thoughts may be driven to introducing bills into legis-

lature or some other method of suppressing concert-whisperers. I'd like to point out to them that there *are* occasions when a man is entitled to speak up. To prove the point I'll give four remarks with which anyone is entitled to break out while Lotte Lehmann, Toscanini, Marian Anderson, Artur Schnabel, Fritz Kreisler or anyone else is holding down the stage. Here they are:

1. "I just happened to remember I put Junior in the oven and turned on the gas."

2. "Will you marry me?"

3. "I forgot to tell you the police want you to drop into the Morgue. They've got a new stiff they think may be Aunt Alma."

4. "That man back of me just took my pocketbook."

—LOREN CARROLL

HOME LIFE OF A BANK TELLER

"Hello, darling, did you have a hard day at the bank?"

"Hey, who are you?"

"Oh, we've gone through that every day for nine years. I'm your wife."

"Have you means of identification?"

"Yes. Here's my signature. You can compare it with the one in your file."

"Hm. Looks a little different to me, but I'll take a chance. Any news?"

"Yes, Ruth Higgins called up. They want us to go over there for dinner on Thursday?"

"Um. How do you know it was Ruth Higgins?"

"Why, she said so of course. And besides, I recognized her voice."

"Oh, so she said so, and you recognized her voice. Now isn't that dandy. And you expect me to take a chance on getting gypped out of my dinner on flimsy identification like that. Before we accept, I want to see her myself, and get a written identification over her signature."

"Oh, all right. . . . Hello, Junior. Want to say good-night to daddy?"

"Hey, who's this child? What's he doing here?"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

ADVENTURE IN TSINGTAU

ONE MAN KNEW HOW TO PASS THE TIME
WHILE WAITING HIS TURN AT THE WALL



ALL this, said the Captain, happened about the time I first came out East and the state of affairs then was not very different from what it is today. At that time I was still a very young man, a first lieutenant in the Dutch Marines. I was serving on one of the ships which Holland, in common with the other Great Powers, had dispatched to the Far East to suppress the Boxer Rising or at least to protect the foreign quarters in the threatened towns. The combined fleet was under the supreme command of the French Admiral Bellot, to whom I had been presented at a ball on board the English cruiser *Kent* and who from that day seemed to have some special regard for me.

We were lying off Tsingtau where the European town had been hard pressed. We had bombarded the native quarter and the surrounding district from the open sea with heavy shell fire. The Chinese had retired under cover of darkness, without leaving any trace, and we were just preparing to get up steam and clear out the next morning. We were to proceed further north to relieve certain other

beleaguered towns on the coast. But during the night the Chinese came back, overpowered the sentries, stormed the English Consulate, killed twenty-eight people who were quartered there, looted the building with its art collection and library and then set fire to it. We heard the noise, saw the flames and before the first call for help had reached us we had already landed twelve detachments of Marines, a combined force of English, Dutch and Italian men and though it was still night we fell on them with hand grenades, then being used for the first time. Two hours later we'd driven off the Pigtales. About four hundred lay dead in the gutters of the streets and two hundred prisoners were on our hands. About eight o'clock in the morning the Naval Council met together, at a quarter past eight they had arrived at a decision. They would make an example. They would shoot all the prisoners just at the barbed wire fence which divided the European from the native quarter of the town so that the event could be witnessed from there. At a quarter to nine the first shots of the firing squad

rattled through the morning air.

Even at that time I had witnessed many executions. I had served in three wars and for a while had been detailed to duty on courts martial. So it was mere curiosity and the desire to while away the time which drove me to be present at this shooting. I found a free place. About three or four hundred yards away behind the barbed wire fence and the *chevaux de frise* the native huts were crowded closely together. Here where two warehouses whose long windowless whitewashed walls were being used to line up the prisoners, the execution was in full swing. Forty out of the two hundred condemned men were already lying dead in the dust. I saw the white walls, the forty corpses lying in front of them. I saw almost two hundred Chinamen standing singly in a long row with only their feet fettered—the cords had been unloosened from their hands—and opposite them the firing squad, all of them Italians, under the command of a very fat, red-faced officer called Meier. This typically German name has always remained in my memory.

It was one of those frightfully sultry mornings which are not uncommon in that part of the world during August. The men of the firing squad were just lanky boys, obviously drafted into service for the first time only a few months previously. Their eyes were almost jumping out of their heads with horror at what appeared to them a frightful order. Their excitement

soon began to transpose itself into physical exhaustion so that the shots began to fly wide and hit the wall instead of human flesh. I noticed too that the heat and agitation were gradually overpowering the stout officer, Meier, to such an extent that the heavy red of his fleshy cheeks began to turn a sickly grey. So it was not surprising that just soon after I came on the scene he raised his hand and ordered a short halt.

This gave me the opportunity to look more closely at the men who were standing there awaiting their turn. They were a mixed bunch. I saw grey-haired men, I saw young lads who had scarcely left school, I saw workmen in threadbare garments and well-dressed men in easy circumstances. Then something struck me as strange. They all, bound though they were, young and old, rich and poor, they all wore a really friendly, a peaceful and at times almost joyful expression on their faces. One would almost think that they were standing there quite by accident waiting for a play to begin which did not fundamentally concern them.

I noticed this unconcern more especially in the case of two of them, an older rather unpleasant man and a younger one around whose neck hung the chain of the small dignitary. Between these two something of a polite altercation had arisen, with glances, smiles, little gestures by which it was obvious that each was offering the other the first entry into the next

world, just as if they were standing at the door of a drawing room. But before I was able to see the end of the incident the stout officer had again raised his hand, twelve shots rang out and the smiling faces of both these courteous gentlemen were buried in the brick-colored dust. This gave me a bad turn.

But as I did not want anyone to notice it and I did not want to retire, in order to take hold of myself again, I passed along the ranks of those prepared for death. I did not turn round and tried hard to pay no attention to the noise of the volleys of shot which rang out behind me. I passed along this quiet front of two hundred uniformly calm faces and I only came to a halt and again began to pay attention to what was going on around me when I came in sight of the last man.

He was a very lean, big-boned, tall man—he was taller than I by a head—and appeared about thirty years older. And this man, standing there and waiting for death, a backward glance told me that there were scarcely fifty of them left standing, this man, this candidate for death, already half in the grave, was standing there reading a book. I went up to him. I can still see the clothes he was wearing, incredibly threadbare clothes from which a mild yet heavy perfume emanated. I went up to him and took the book out of his hand. It was a copy of Buddha's discourses in an English edition.

"You speak English?" I asked.

He nodded assent and taking back the book tried in the most polite way yet obviously annoyed at the interruption to find the place. Then as soon as he had found it he went on reading.

"Where did you get that book?" I asked.

"From the library in the Consulate," he replied quietly without interrupting his reading.

"Are you a Buddhist?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I know nothing about this book. I have never heard of it." He continued reading.

But I would not leave him alone. I went on:

"There are now just twenty men in front of you, yet you go on reading when you have only four more minutes to live."

He looked at me for the first time. He tried to find words—oh, he spoke such funny English, pronouncing the *r* as an *l*. It was strange to hear him speak. Then just as the next volley of shots rang out, and four more men fell, he weighed the book in his hand and said:

"All that is of no importance. This is what really matters."

I don't know why, but his answer annoyed me. Perhaps it was only because of the sultry heat which almost made the blood boil in my veins. I shouted at him:

"Do you know, fellow, you're going to die?"

Once again he glanced up from his book and looked around him. Then he raised a long thin arm and pointed

to the stout officer who was in command of the executions twenty, then fifteen feet away from him. He said:

"That honourable gentleman will die before me."

Then he looked around him again. Suddenly he pointed with his bony finger straight at my breast and said:

"And this honourable gentleman will also die before me."

Then once more he became absorbed in his reading and did not utter another word.

I am an old man. In my young days men did not lie. You can take my word for it. When the Chinaman said this, there still remained, as I've told you, twelve men standing there all told. Then when only eight men were left standing, the stout officer, Meier, sank first on his right knee, then on his left and then he collapsed. Someone ran for a doctor. A non-commissioned officer took over the command. But just as the next volley rang out and only four men remained, three men and the one with the book who went on reading undisturbed, taking it all as a matter of course, and not even glancing up when the stout officer fell dead, there came on the scene several officers, among them Admiral Bellot. He came straight up to me.

"You look pale, Vanderlaan," he

said. "Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

I pointed to the man who was reading and said in an anxious voice, "Your Excellency, let me have this man's life as a gift!"

He laughed and said:

"Of course, my boy."

I thanked him and unbound the man. I took the book from his hand and pushed it into his pocket and just as the last three fell I led him to the barbed wire fence, conducted him across the plank which lay over the ditch and said: "You are free. Go!"

He made me a hurried but serious bow, without the least sign of astonishment. Then although around and about him a sporadic firing had broken out and the bullets were spattering in every direction he walked slowly across the open square to the Chinese houses. He was still about a hundred yards from the shelter of their walls when he stopped. He seemed to have thought of something. He remained standing, took the book out of his pocket, found the place where I had interrupted him and with bullets buzzing around him, he bent his face over the book and went slowly on until he disappeared down a lane.

I never saw him again.

—ROBERT NEUMANN

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

PREFACE TO WAR—You can always hear a war coming. Listen for the clashing of symbols.

LIBERTY—Liberty is a woman. Never take her favors for granted. Be forever jealous or you will lose her.

MISTRESS MARY'S PONY

LITTLE MISS MUFFET AND LITTLE BO-PEEP
WERE SATIRIC NAMES FOR A LOVING QUEEN



*"I had a little pony, whose name was Dapple-Grey,
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him—she lashed him—she drove him through the mire,
I would not lend my pony more for all the lady's hire."*

NOT even the four wedding rings given Mary Stuart by Lord Darnley during their marriage service, were sufficient to keep the turbulent heart of the Queen within the safe bonds of Scottish respectability. Mary knew but two loyalties—her religion and her emotions. So, hating Darnley as she did, she gaily sent these emotions skylarking about until the Earl of Bothwell—handsome, debonair, wholly selfish—flashed into the arena of her passions, and for this man Mary lost her throne, spent eighteen weary years in prison, and laid her lovely head at last upon the block.

The varied and spectacular actions of the Queen made her a frequent target for the jingle-writers of the period, whose bits of doggerel served as political lampoons and cartoons by which the frailties of the mighty were constantly kept in view of the common people. Gradually, these caustic jin-

gles became the nursery rhymes of our own era.

No attempt was made to disguise the flaming love of Bothwell and the Queen. Recklessly, Mary flaunted her infatuation before the eyes of her outraged subjects, shrugging her royal shoulders at Highlander and Lowlander, alike.

The "Little pony whose name was Dapple-Grey," symbolized Scotland, which the Queen—"Rider" "Whipped and lashed" into seething rebellion, as she rode her wilful way through the "mire" of public scandal and obloquy.

Mary's "Ride a mile away," was the crowning insult to a sternly moral people, for in this ride she flouted duty and conventions, following only the mirage of her own desires. While the Queen was presiding over the Justice of Airie Court in Jedburg, a rumor reached her that Bothwell had been severely wounded in battle. Throwing discretion to the winds, Mary mounted her horse and rode pell-mell through the storm and blackness of the night, to where her lover was waiting some twenty miles distant. On the way both horse and rider were bogged in a

treacherous swamp, but managed to extricate themselves, and hurried on—only to find that Bothwell's wound was a scarcely visible scratch. What matter? After a rapturous meeting, Mary rode back through the storm and dark, and spent the remainder of the night in writing a passionate love letter to her Lord.

The last line of the doggerel—"I would not lend my pony more, for all the lady's hire," contained a smoth-

ered threat and warning that the Scottish people would tolerate little more of their Queen's mad doings, but the Queen paid scanty heed.

Then came the day when the lovers parted forever—the exiled Bothwell to become a sea fighter and pirate until his death, while Mary, or "Little Miss Muffet," "Mistress Mary," and "Little Bo-Peep" as she was variously known in jingle lore, lost her kingdom, and eventually her life.—EDNA S. SOLLARS

EASY TO REMEMBER

"O.K., then, we'll expect you and Frances Friday night."

"Right, but you better let me take down your address."

"You don't have to take it down. It's easy to remember—1476 Lincoln Ave. See? All you have to do is think about American history. That's the way *I* remember it. Columbus was 1492 and the Declaration of Independence was 1776. Get it? You take the 14 for Columbus and the 76 for the Declaration of Independence, and then just think of the Civil War."

"Fine. Now let's see if I can remember it. I take the Civil War and Columbus—that's 1861 and 1492—gives 1892, and then think of the Declaration of Independence—that's Jefferson, so it's—

"No, no. You take—"

"Wait a minute. Don't help me. It's Washington Avenue—I remember now, and I take 1776 and 1492, and that makes it—"

"No. You've still got it wrong. You take Columbus first."

"Of course. It's Columbus Avenue. Now I take 1861 and 1776, and therefore I get 1876 Columbus Avenue. I certainly was dumb."

"Er—I'm sorry, but you still haven't got it right. You first of all—"

"Now don't help me. I'm going to get this yet. I take 1492 and the Civil War—"

"Look, maybe it would be simpler if I just gave you our phone number. It's Pennsylvania 9173. Just remember William Penn, and that this year is 19—37—see? 91 is 19 backwards and 73 is—"

"Listen, have you got a pencil and paper?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"I said HAVE YOU GOT A PENCIL AND PAPER?"

"Sure, but all you have to do is—oh all right, don't get impatient."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

THE NO. 1 GHOST STORY

HUNDREDS WITNESSED, BUT NONE COULD
EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THE BELL WITCH



MORE than one hundred years ago the United States was rocked by incredible tales that came out of the Tennessee backwoods about a strange, invisible creature that haunted the countryside for ten years.

One night a scream rang out from Betsey Bell's room on the second floor of the Bell mansion on the banks of the Red River, just fifty miles north of Nashville, in Tennessee. The year was 1817, the night was in early May, the time was 1:30.

The whole family was aroused. Father, mother and four brothers, clad in nightgowns and not yet half-awake, burst into Betsey's room. They saw Betsey kneeling on the floor beside her bed, her hair wildly disarranged, her cheeks with angry red marks upon them. It was minutes before they could get any coherent speech from the terrified fourteen-year-old girl. She had been aroused, she said, by something jerking at the covers on her bed. She had been literally dragged out of her bed to the floor by her hair. Her hair still held in a firm grasp, she had been slapped severely about the face a dozen times.

She screamed and, in desperation, struck out at her assailant. Her arms had encountered nothing but thin air. The attack had ceased only with the arrival of the family at her door.

On the next night, the cover was jerked from the brothers' beds, and they received the same treatment that Betsey had experienced. Strange rumbling noises were heard, as if a chain were being dragged across the floor or as if someone were pounding the wall. During the succeeding months, the jerkings and noises continued, increasing gradually in violence until the Bell family could no longer keep their "trouble" secret.

The neighbors, after visiting the Bell home and listening to the noises and hearing accounts of its manifestations, immediately pronounced it a witch. Newspapers caught up the story and magazines assigned writers to cover it.

From far and near, men visited the Bell home. Andrew Jackson interrupted his rise to the presidency to view the phenomenon and returned home, convinced of its authenticity.

Kate (the witch was named Kate

early in her career) was quite a gal. She was invisible, without form; and no one ever saw her. She spoke French as well as English, in a "fine, modulated voice." She had her likes and dislikes. She was a liar. She attended church regularly. She got drunk. She cursed and prayed with equal ardor. She composed songs. She was a clairvoyant and a prophetess. And she was a murderer.

Her avowed purpose on this earth, Kate said on many occasions, was to see that John Bell became dead.

In the year 1798, John Bell migrated to Adams, Tennessee. He built a "double log" mansion on his homestead site.

Various children moved away, married, died; until in 1817 there remained in the family John, Lucy and five children; Young John, Betsey, Drew, Joel and Richard.

Young John's journal has been jealously guarded by his sons and grandsons and, today, no one outside the Bell family knows what it contains. Richard's journal, however, was made public in 1894, and has been considered an authority on the antics of the witch.

It was early in the Spring of 1818 when Kate was heard for the first time to speak aloud. A number of neighbors were gathered in the parlor around the roaring fire. John Johnson and his "good wife" were there, as were Frank Miles, Reverend Sugg Fort, James Byrns and many others.

Suddenly a sibilant whisper was

heard from directly in front of the fireplace. The hearth appeared vacant, but the sounds continued, as if "someone had partook of whiskey and had become strangled thereby," and again, as if "someone was whispering unknown words across the room." Then abruptly, a clear, feminine voice laughed. "Lord Jesus," the voice said, "I sure am glad I can talk now. I been waiting a long time for this."

The company was dumfounded, but John Johnson, elder in the church and one who "had God behind him and feared nothing," assumed leadership.

"In the name of God, who and what are you?" he intoned in his best Sunday manner. The voice laughed derisively.

"Listen at old Sugar Mouth," it said. "You'd think from listening to him that he was God's right-hand man."

But when John Johnson persisted sonorously with the question, the voice suddenly changed its manner of speaking, and at last said a little sadly:

"I am a spirit. I was once very happy, but I have been disturbed." And that was all she ever said when asked as to her identity. From that night forward, many visitors gathered in the Bell home to engage with her in conversation.

Kate ruled the Adams community with a hand of iron. Each night she stayed in the Bell home, talking to the visitors, but during the daylight hours she seemed to spy around the neighborhood, picking up bits of gossip and

scandal, which she candidly told for the benefit of her nightly audience. Once she unearthed an illicit love affair and caused the young man implicated to move west. On one occasion she recovered a sheep-skin for its owner by pointing out the thief.

Reverends Sugg Fort and James Gunn were the preachers in the two churches in the community. They met in the home, as was their custom, every Sunday night after their services and Kate would meet them there and discuss their sermons with them. She would engage them in long arguments on theology, in which she took great delight, quoting long passages of Scripture to bring out a point. She would often praise Messrs. Gunn and Fort when their sermons were good, but she never hesitated to tell her audience when one of them had been borrowed from a book or had been repeated from the year before. Let anyone fall asleep in church and Kate would inform the neighborhood of the fact.

Let a man miss church without cause for two Sundays, and Kate would be around to his house. Threats would be made. The man usually sat on the front pew on the following Sunday. It is not hard to believe that indeed "Kate and the preachers were in a league."

Kate would get drunk. Sometimes the house rang with songs of carousal; while curses and "many vile oaths" could be heard. "Lord Jesus," she once said, "it sure is fun to get drunk."

Many strange visitors came from all over the country to view Kate's strange doings. One Dr. Mize, famous for his taisy-trapping, arrived at the Bell home wearing his famous "witch-glasses," through which he claimed he could see any apparition or goblin, no matter how invisible. In his bag reposed fox-fire, bone-balls, warding-wands and many other charms calculated to drive witches fleeing in terror.

John Bell welcomed him. Dr. Mize talked for two hours of his successes in witchcraft. Suddenly his famous glasses were snatched from his eyes. The bone-ball was jerked from his hand. The good doctor was "set upon with such resounding blows and whacks, which sounded as though they were made with a leather strap, that he fled in confusion to the barn, saddled his mule and betook himself to parts unknown," all the while, Kate screeching and laughing in high glee.

"Lord Jesus, see that scalawag run," she chortled. "It'll take more than fox-fire and bone-balls to get me."

The most famous of all the visitors, however, was General Andrew Jackson. As he and his staff neared the Bell home, their carriage suddenly stopped. The horses strained and pulled in the harness without being able to move the vehicle. There was a shrill chuckle from the bushes by the roadside.

"I just wanted you to see," chuckled the voice, "that Old Kate was still on the job."

"By the eternal, boys," Andrew

Jackson exploded, "It must be the witch!" Kate laughed. Immediately thereafter, the horses started up of their own accord, and the carriage moved on to the house.

In the party was one Pisca Talbot, who was noted for his fearlessness. He had melted a silver dollar and had molded a bullet therefrom, with which he loaded his gun. He claimed that no witch could live after being shot with that silver bullet of his.

At nine o'clock that night, Talbot was showing his gun to members of the family. "Lord Jesus, but you've been bragging a heap," said the voice. "Well, here I am standing right in front of you. Why don't you shoot?"

Talbot "was siezed with an ague," but he raised his pistol and, aiming directly in front of him, pulled the trigger. The gun snapped. Hastily he cocked it and tried again to shoot. Once more it snapped.

"I took the powder out of the pistol while you were bragging," taunted the voice. Talbot, with fumbling fingers, removed the silver bullet and found not a grain of powder. The next instant he was knocked to the floor. Upon arising, he was beset about the head and shoulders with blows of such violence that "blood was brought," and the blows were continued until he staggered out of the room, carrying, it is said, scars that remained to his grave.

General Jackson roared with mirth and slapped his knee in hilarity. "By the eternal, boys," he shouted, "I've

not had as much fun since fighting the British!"

William Porter was a handsome rich bachelor who lived in the Adams community. It was during the winter of 1821 that he had his experience with Kate. He had just settled himself for sleep, when he heard footsteps beside his bed. Nothing was visible.

"What do you want here, Kate, you old rascal?" he demanded.

"Move over, William," returned Kate. "I'm going to sleep with you and keep you warm."

"Well," said William Porter, "if you sleep with me, you'll have to behave yourself." The corner of the cover rose and became wrinkled, as if someone were crawling under it. Then it was jerked from over Porter and twisted on the other side of the bed, as if someone had wrapped up in it.

Porter immediately seized upon what he thought was his opportunity to rid the world of Kate—once and for all. He gathered up Kate, cover and all, and started toward the fire with the intention of throwing the whole bundle into it. With every step, however, the load grew heavier and, as he neared the fire, such a nauseating odor emerged from the cover that he was forced to drop it and rush outside to the fresh air. Screeching laughter came from within the house, and he heard no more from Kate that night.

Kate's attitude toward the different members of the Bell family makes up one of the strangest parts of this

strange tale. She caused the death of John Bell and prevented Betsey from marrying the man of her choice, yet she displayed every affection for Lucy Bell.

Betsey Bell, in her late teens, "was the most beautiful belle in the county," and her blonde hair attracted many suitors. Young Joshua Gardner gradually edged to the front, however.

But Kate, for no reason apparent, decided against the match. She became an invisible chaperone at all times when Joshua and Betsey were together. At night, when they were sitting in the parlor, Kate would "utter foul words and lewd poetry," causing Joshua many times to leave hurriedly in embarrassed confusion. Betsey finally gave up the idea of marrying Joshua, and he soon afterward moved to another section of the country.

Toward Betsey's mother, Lucy, the tisk displayed nothing but affection. During the winter of 1820, Lucy, after three weeks of illness, was in a very grave condition. Kate spoke from her bedside one afternoon.

"Lucy," she said, "is there anything in the world I can get for you to eat?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "I would like to have some grapes." Grapes would not be ripe for nearly three months.

"Wait a minute," said Kate. In about five minutes according to Reverend Sugg Fort, who was one of those present, a big cluster of grapes fell to the bed from the ceiling! Everyone

present in the room ate some of the grapes and pronounced them "of excellent flavor."

Kate even composed a song, which she sang as often as Lucy desired. The words have been handed down.

"Come my heart and let us try
For a little season
Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason.

"What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you."

But Kate had a more sinister purpose on this earth than that of composing poetry. Having announced that her mission on earth was to cause the death of John Bell, she immediately set about accomplishing it. She would stick him with "brass pins" when he was in bed. She never missed an opportunity to "curse him and humble him in the sight of his neighbors." She sat at the head of his bed and cursed him the entire night. She thrashed him, raining invisible blows about his shoulders until he was almost insensible, leaving his back with angry bruises on it.

One day, he went into the yard—an emaciated, pathetic figure—to look at some hogs the slaves had driven up for his inspection. He had scarcely left the house when he was struck down by an invisible force. His shoes were jerked from his feet, leaving them

"bleeding and blue." He was struck repeatedly on his head and face. Joel and Richard, who were standing nearby, ran to his aid, but they were thoroughly beaten for their pains. John Bell finally got to his knees to pray, and the attack ceased.

His sons carried him to his room. Joel was sent to Port Royal, Tennessee, and brought back with him Dr. George Hopson, the family physician. Kate's voice screeched and laughed derisively at the doctor.

"Lord Jesus," she shrieked, "you're wasting your time trying to help Old Jack Bell. I've got him now! I poisoned him with a vial of poison in the cabinet!"

Dr. Hopson quickly turned to the cabinet, where the family kept numerous bottles of medicines. They were all gone. In their stead was a strange vial containing a dark liquid, the like of which Dr. Hopson admitted he had never seen. No one could explain its appearance. Reverend Alex Gunn caught the Bell family's cat. Joel dipped a straw in the bottle and drew it across the cat's tongue. The cat whirled three times, leaped into the air, fell at their feet, dead.

John Bell lay in a stupor for another day and night. Kate never left his bedside. "Come on, Old Jack," she shouted repeatedly, "are you ready to go to hell with me?" The moment John Bell died the witch shrilly screamed, "I've got you now! I've got you now!"

The funeral was proceeding with-

out incident, when the multitude was suddenly amazed by Kate's shrill voice, singing as they lowered the body into its grave. Kate was singing a rowdy drinking song:

"Row me up some brandy, O,
Row, row, row, row,
Row me up some brandy, O,
Row me up some more!"

Then, with a burst of demon-like laughter, Kate was gone. She has never been heard of since, save for a two-week visit to young John Bell not long after the funeral.

The mystery of Kate, the witch, has never been fully explained. A national weekly magazine in 1849 published an article setting forth that Betsey Bell was a ventriloquist, and played the part of Kate. Betsey Bell, then living in Mississippi, threatened a libel suit, forcing the magazine to retract.

In 1872, two men near Springfield, Tennessee, murdered a Mr. Smith. They were *freed by a jury* on the plea that they thought he was a reincarnation of the Bell Witch!

And there is another curious fact about the Bell Witch: Her last words to Young Bell as she left him after the two-week visit in the Fall of 1827 were:

"I'm going now, but I'll be back to visit your sons and grandsons in ten years and a hundred."

One hundred and ten years from 1827 is 1937!

—T. H. ALEXANDER & BEN BASS

BLACK MASKS

*EVEN THE MOST INARTICULATE SOULS FIND
EXPRESSION UNDER PROPER STIMULATION*



FOR a long time I had wanted to meet Walter Cooper. Since Kipling, no one had written so well about animals; only in Cooper's work one did not find the Asiatic jungles, but warm flowery forests filled with rabbits and foxes.

English writers are not easily met. Many of them live in the country, coming rarely to London. Their literary world is not like the French, where we have a sort of corporation with masters, apprentices, and a whole set of rules.

"You'll have an awful time catching him," Lady Shalford, another of his admirers, told me. "He lives in a farmer's cottage somewhere in Suffolk, with his wife. Both of their families were rather puritan, I believe two of the grandfathers were non-conformist ministers. Miriam Cooper wears long flowing robes. Absolutely shapeless. Reach to the ground. She's very beautiful. And I believe she's never been known to utter a word."

This description only heightened my desire to meet the Coopers. And one day I took advantage of a trip to Suffolk, to stop off at their village.

None of the natives seemed to know that they were harboring a genius. However, the butcher was able to give the address of some Coopers, customers of his.

"You're sure it's Walter Cooper, the writer?" I asked.

"I don't know about that. But he's the nephew of old Miss Cooper—"

I followed the butcher's directions, through a copse alive with flowers. Bushes of rhododendrons, orange, red, flame-colored, flesh-colored, had been planted beneath the trees with so refined an artfulness that the effect was utterly natural. And there was a hut, deliciously simple, thatch-covered.

It was Miriam Cooper who came to the door. Just as Lady Shalford had said, she wore a long muslin robe; over it, a white apron. Her features were disturbingly pure, almost inhuman. In the midst of my speech, she fled like a frightened animal, crying, "Walter!"

Walter Cooper appeared, long-legged and awkward, motioned me into his workroom. The white-painted shelves were loaded with books. Upon our entrance, a man who was study-

ing the titles turned around. Cooper introduced us; it was a famous critic. They resumed the conversation I had interrupted; they were talking about bulbs, and the depths at which they should be planted.

Surprising as it may seem, that visit was the beginning of a friendship. The Coopers came to see me when they passed through Paris on their way to winter in Tamarisk. Another time, I spent a weekend with them in Suffolk. But I didn't know much more about the strange couple than I had on that first day. And they seemed just as incapable of communication between each other, as they were with strangers. Evenings, in their little house, they would sit together facing the fire, and gently caress each other's shoulders. I believe they were in love.

All through the war, I didn't see them. Around 1920, Lady Shalford wrote me that she was giving a masked ball for the benefit of some hospital, saying she hoped I would come to it if I happened to be in London at the time.

At the entrance, behind a screen, one lifted his mask for the hostess. "Good evening," Lady Shalford greeted me. "How was the crossing? Not too awful? . . . Oh! I must bring you together, immediately, with the most fascinating woman—"

Lady Shalford seated me near a large woman, black-masked, like all the others. Then she disappeared.

Embarrassed, and uneasy, I started to talk. "Now here is an odd situation.

As my accent must indicate to you, I am a Frenchman. Doubtless I shall never see you again. . . . I am going to tell you all the secret, sad things that one tells only in dreams, to phantoms."

My companion's hands were mobile and expressive. She entered spiritedly into the game. At first I found her a little too bold for my taste. She confessed to the wildest desires, in that naïvely scientific vocabulary which Freud and his disciples had just made so popular among the English. But soon she was speaking so beautifully of the animal side of woman, and then of the ties between love and nature, and then about her favorite books—all strange and sensual—that I was completely conquered.

"Who are you?" I begged. "Some of the things you say make me believe that you know me. But I've never before heard your voice. Couldn't you lift your mask for a second? No? Won't I ever see you again? I've never had so enjoyable a conversation."

"I've had a very pleasant evening," she said, rising. "Very pleasant. But now we must stop."

She lost herself in the crowd.

It was ten years later that Lady Shalford revealed to me that my masked companion had been Miriam Cooper. I had seen Miriam Cooper many times during that period, and had found her, as always, mute, and wildly shy.

As for Walter, I discovered that he, too, talks, when he is drunk.

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

TALKING PICTURES

PROGRAM-NOTES ON A FEW OF THE
PHOTOGRAPH PAGES IN THIS ISSUE



ON THE score of sheer beauty which, as Keats made clear, is its own excuse, the photographs in this issue that seem particularly deserving of mention are *The White Horse* by Vadas, *Far Away Hills* by Kunszt (both of Budapest), *Through Fields in Bloom* by the Jugo-Slav Kocjancic, and *The Girl in the Web* by this issue's portfolio-maker, Dever Timmons of Coshocton, Ohio. (The portfolio was made, by the way, in the French Casino, both in New York and in Miami.) On the count of novelty or subject interest, we are particularly pleased to present the Richard Hoyt double spread of elephants frightened by the sound of an airplane motor, Wolff's eloquent "talking shadows" in *Somebody Wins*, Deutch's double spread of contrasting male and female profiles, the Pix picture called *Cathedral* showing Notre Dame in the reflection on the silver hood of a Rolls parked nearby, and the two incredibly strange photographs called, questioningly, *Totem Pole* and *Primeval God*. These natural phenomena were discovered by Marion MacMillan, in the northern part of Georgian Bay, and were

treated in her book *Reflections*. The photographs are straight shots, without tricks of the rocky shore line and its vegetation, mirrored in perfectly still water, as you will find when you turn the magazine sidewise, to see the pictures at the angle from which Mrs. John G. Rolph's camera took them rather than the angle at which we chose to print them. When regarded as we have printed them, at right angles to the natural position, they reveal strange images of fantastic figures whose significance may vary somewhat with the imagination of the beholder.

We have mixed feelings about presenting the Eisenstaedt photograph on page 59, since the shadow cast upon the waters below was that of the since world-mourned *Hindenburg*.

Saved for the last page in the photograph section of this issue, because we expect it to be one of the most popular pictures ever published in CORONET, is Geoffrey Landesman's little gem called *Practice*. It ought to be of immense appeal to everyone who has ever had (or, for that matter, has ever been) a child.

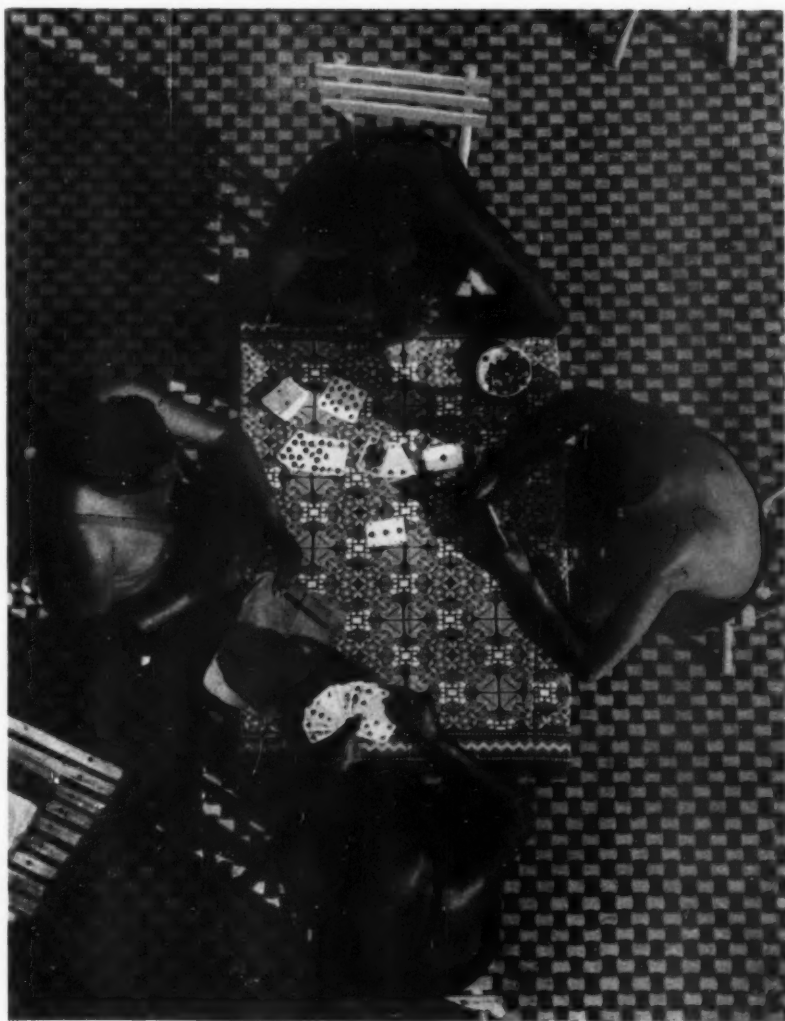


ANDRÉ DIENES

PARIS

NOTRE DAME BY ROCKET LIGHT

CORONET

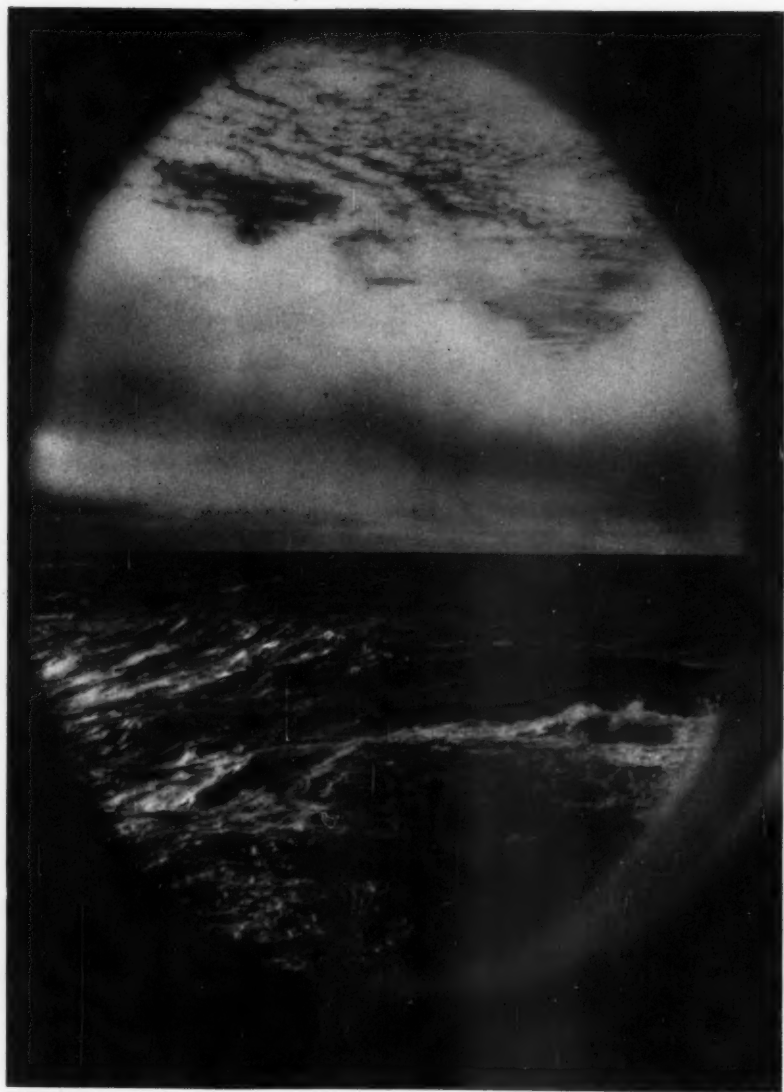


L. HOLLAN

BUDAPEST

ATHLETES

JULY, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

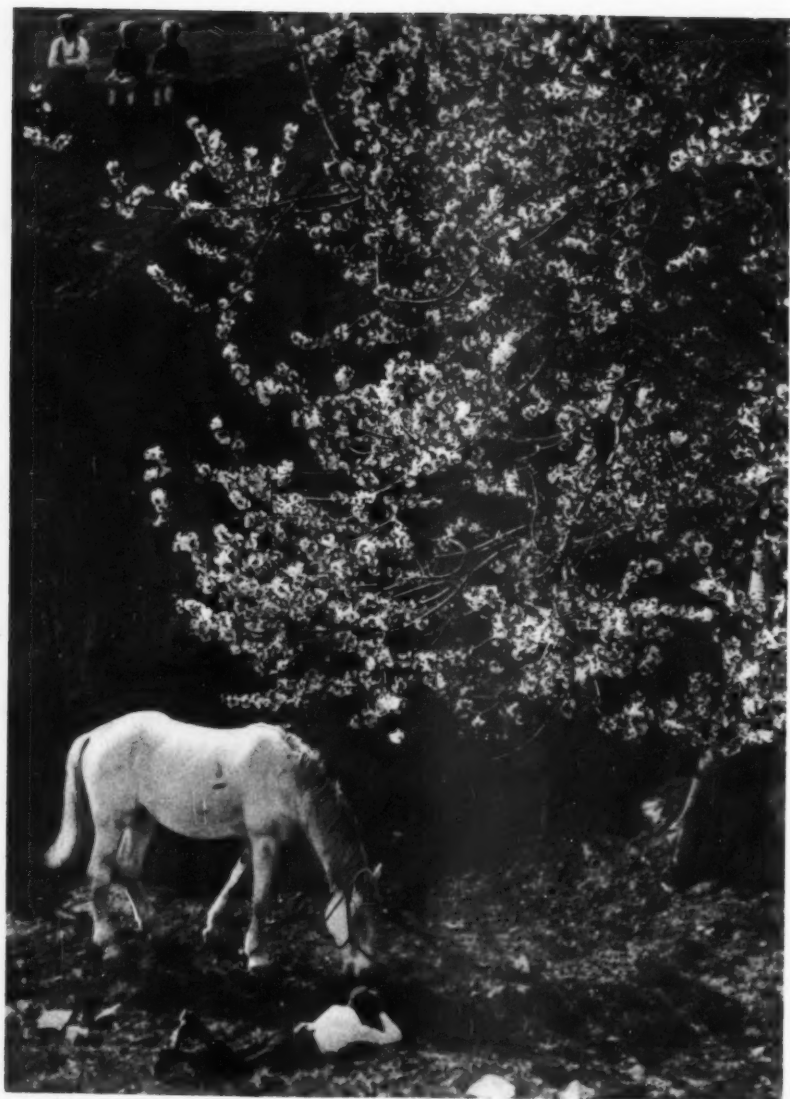
PORTHOLE ON THE *PARIS*

CORONET





EISENSTADT-EL



ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

THE WHITE HORSE

CORONET



HANS GROENHOFF

FROM BLACK STAR

MANHATTAN STREET CORNER

JULY, 1937



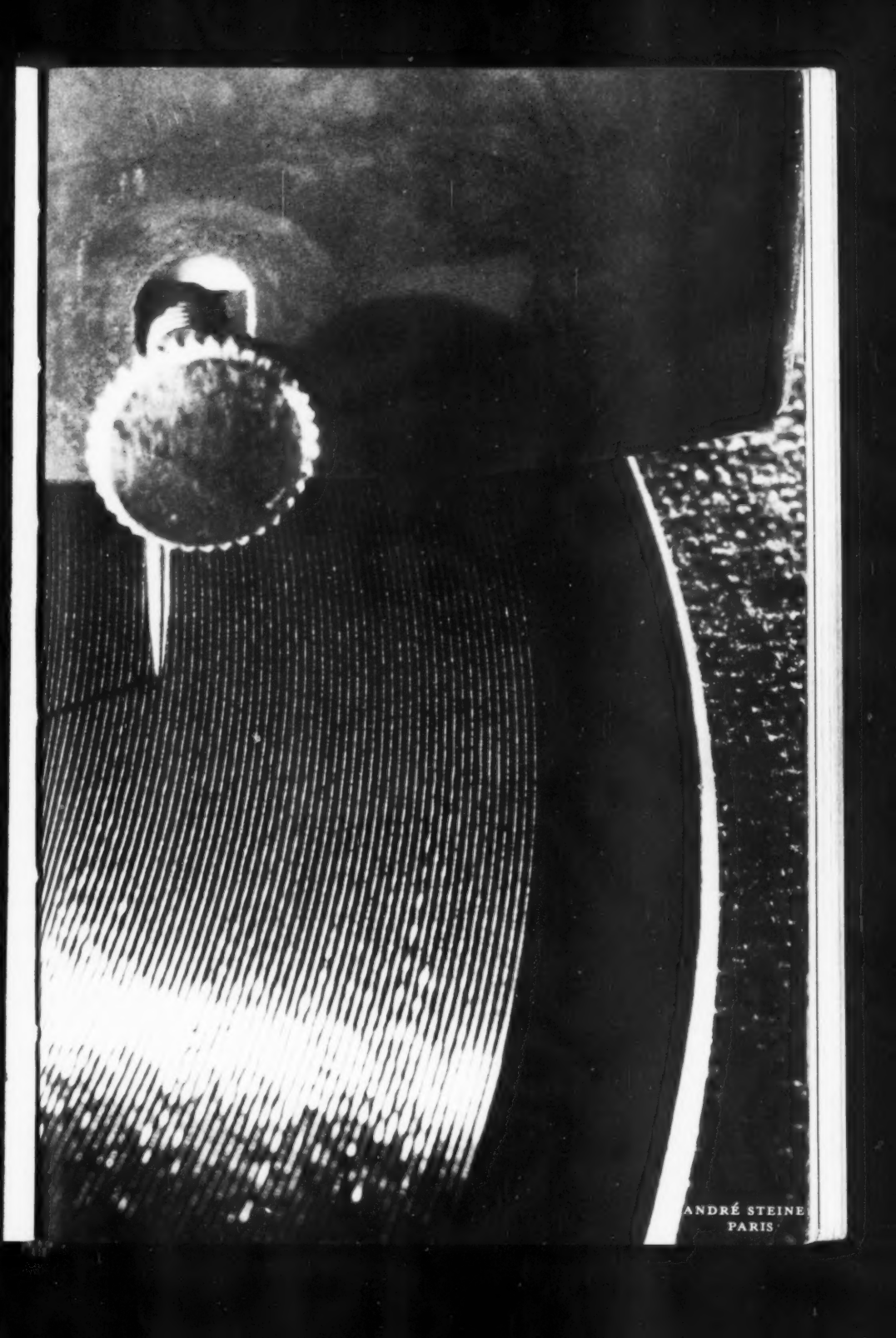
DJY FRINGHIAN

PARIS

SHADOW STOCKING

CORONET





ANDRÉ STEINE
PARIS





WILDEBEEST HOPPER FROM FOR



HEIN GORNY, BERLIN



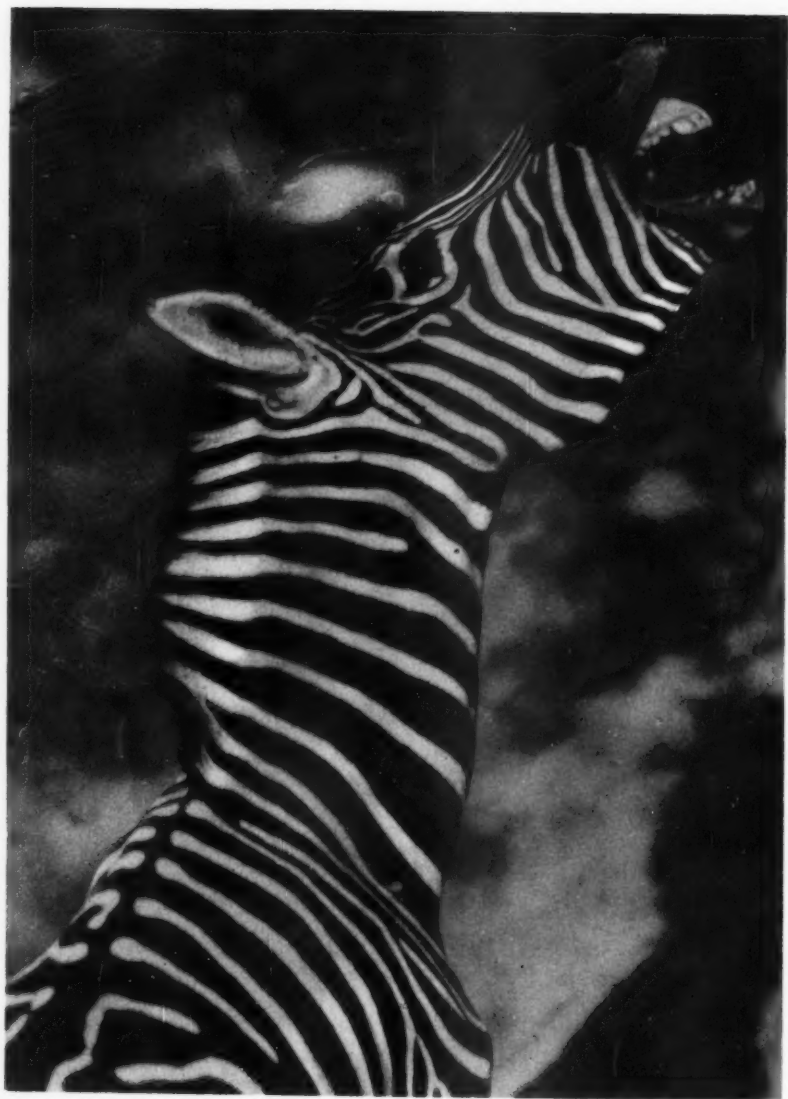


ANDRÉ DURAND

PARIS

THE BEGGARS

JULY, 1937



HEGYEI, BUDAPEST

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

ZEBRA

CORONET

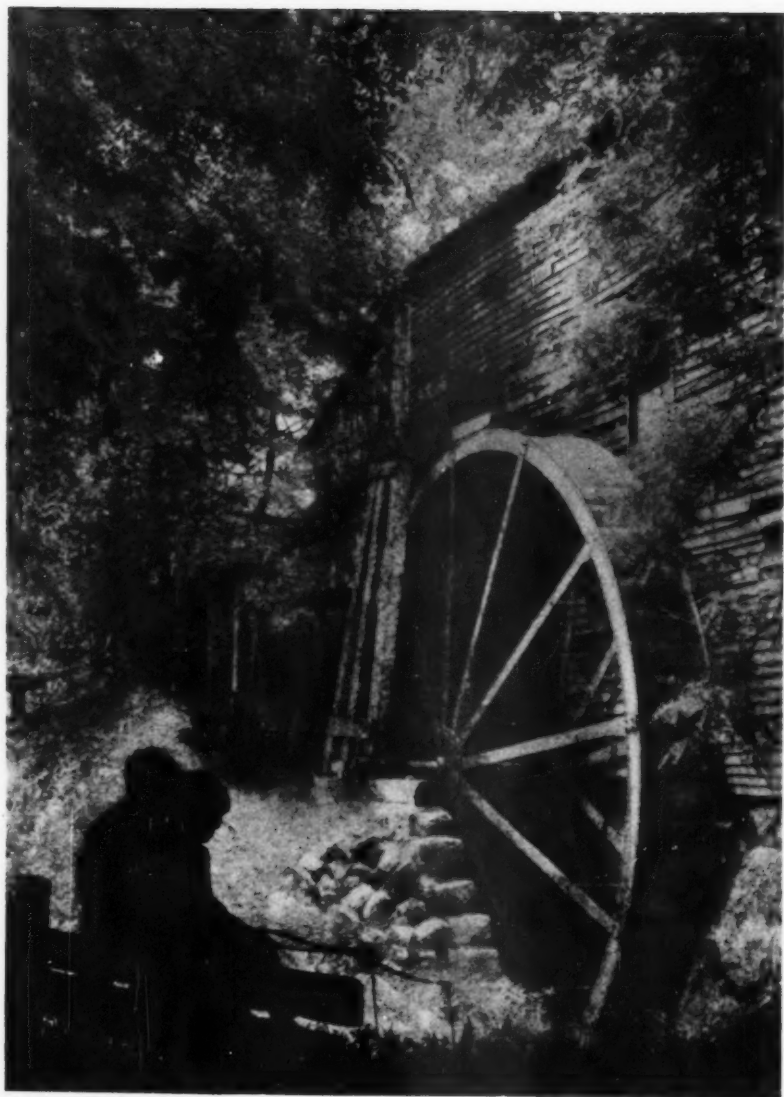


ZELLNER, BERLIN

FROM ECHO

SEA LION

JULY, 1937



WM. EDWIN BOOTH

RICHMOND, VA.

BOYHOOD

CORONET



ERGÉ

FROM EUROPEAN

•
ADOLESCENCE

JULY, 1937



DR. PAUL WOLFF

FROM EUROPEAN

SOMEBODY WINS

•
CORONET



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

HEADED FOR THE BARN

JULY, 1937

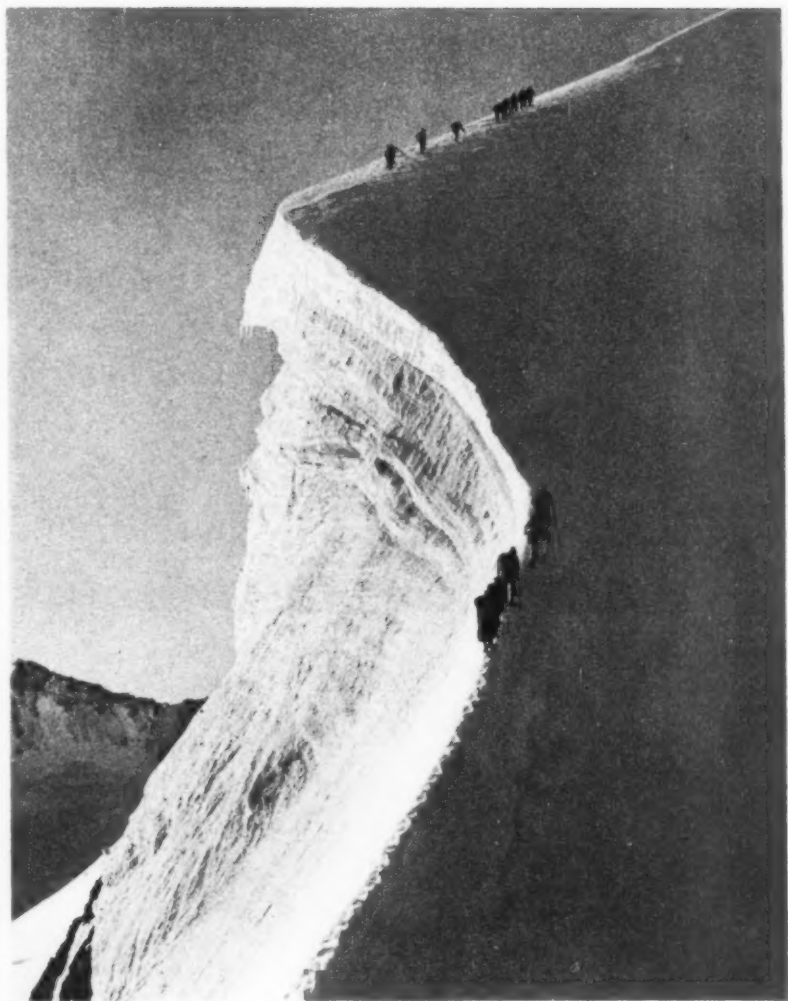


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

CORONET

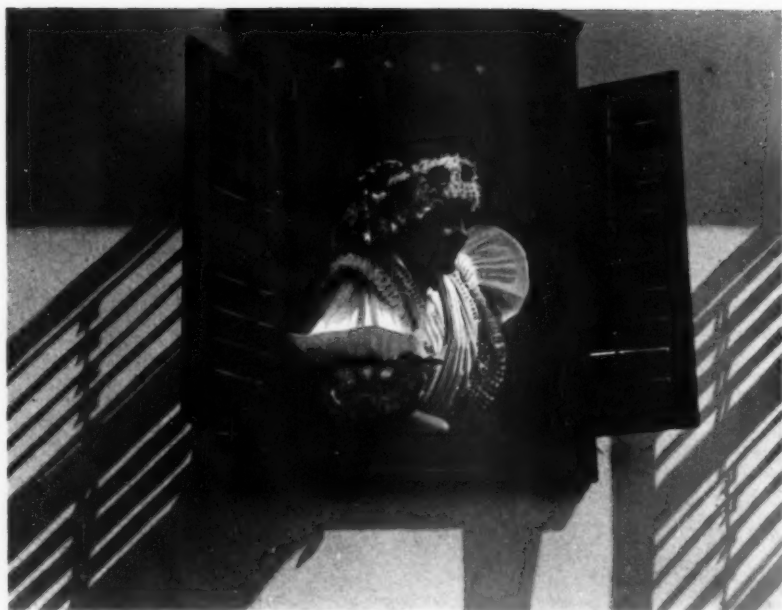


A. PEDRETT

ST. MORITZ

UP PIZ BERNINA

JULY, 1937



MIHÁLY EKE

BUDAPEST

WAITING BRIDE

CORONET



J. KUNSZT

BUDAPEST

FAR-AWAY HILLS

JULY, 1937



STEPHEN DEITCH



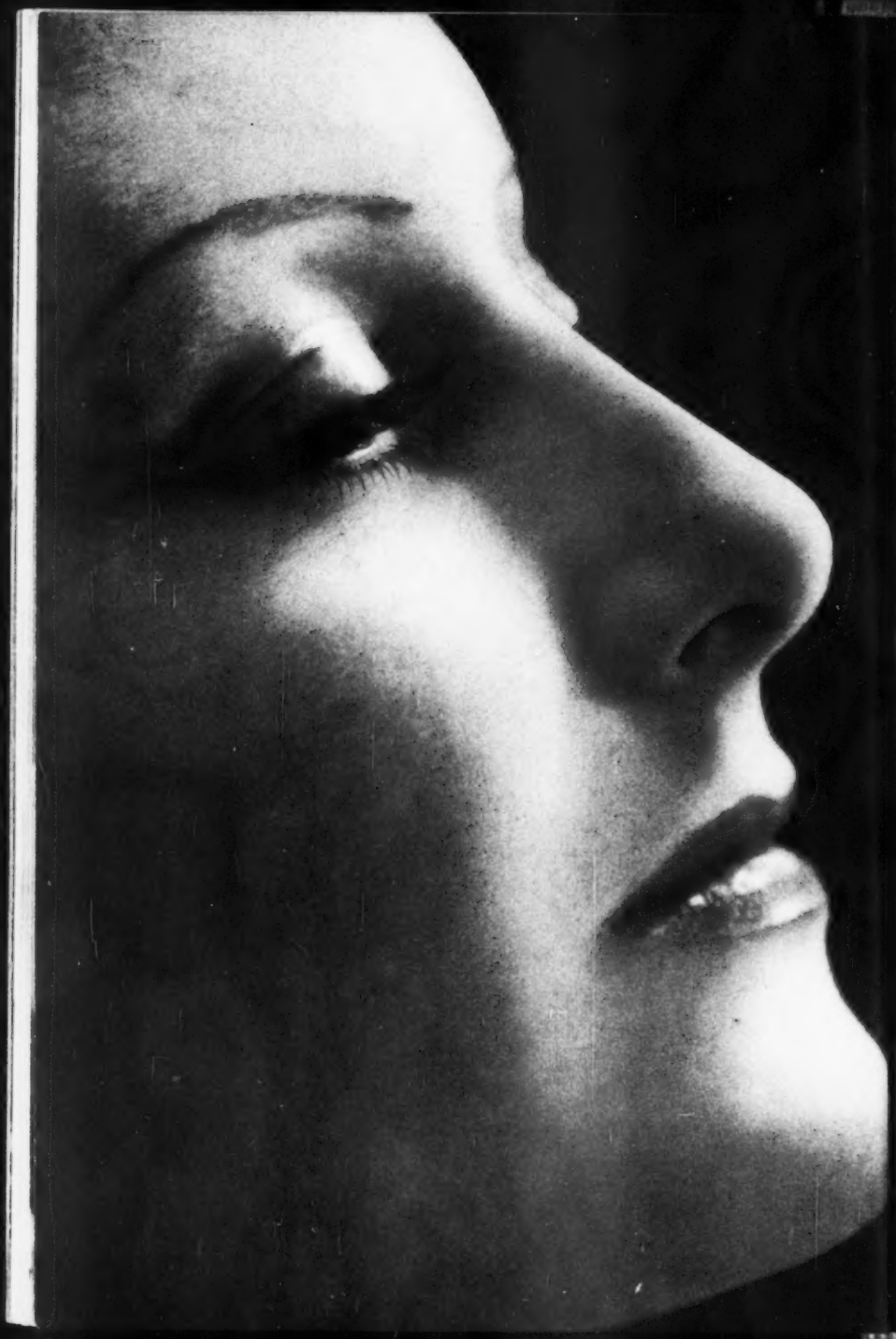


MAURICE BERNARD

PARIS

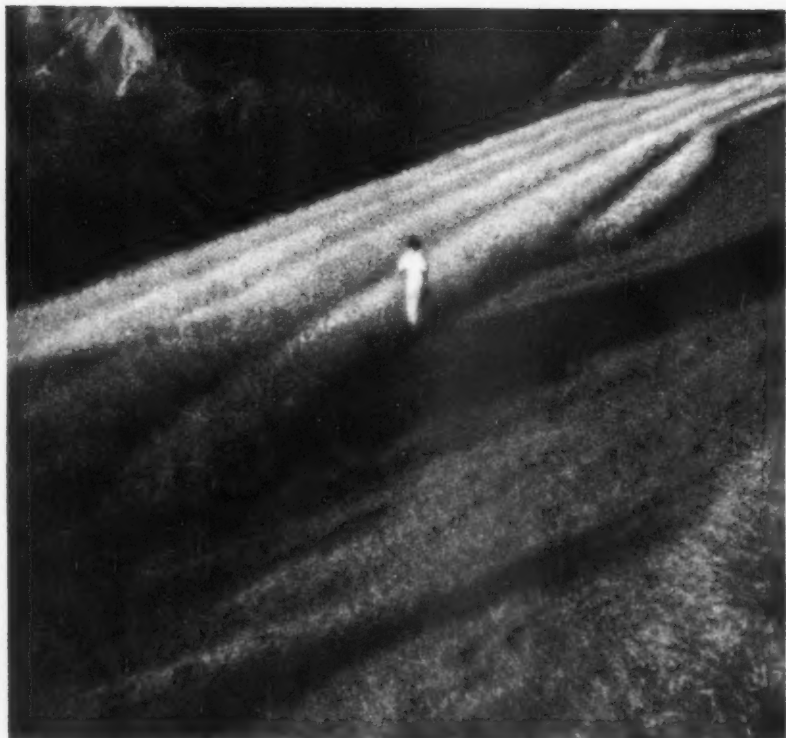
DIVER EMERGING

JULY, 1937





STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO



PETER KOCJANČIČ

LJUBLJANA, JUGO-SLAVIA

THROUGH FIELDS IN BLOOM

CORONET



ANDRÉ DIENES

PARIS

NIGHT TIME IN NICE

JULY, 1937



KONRAD CRAMER

FROM EUROPEAN

SUNSET OVER CENTRAL PARK

CORONET



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

EARLY MORNING SUN

JULY, 1937

WOODEN INDIANS

*THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN HAS
RECORDED A VANISHED AMERICAN ART*



AS THE new tobacco trade with Virginia got into full swing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, small figures began to appear outside tobacconists' shops in London. They were small, black, and sinister. They represented British ideas of what an American Indian looked like. Later, ambitious carvers copied Caribbean chiefs out of books of old sea tales, and set them up as Indians.

Indian figures appeared outside tobacconists' shops on both sides of the Atlantic, remaining for generations after that brief period when tobacco was a novelty. German and Swiss carvers were kept busy in shops from the seaboard cities to Ohio, making these figures. Carvers of ships' figure-heads are said to have turned to them when sailing ships with their fine prows gave way to steam.

Finally, with sidewalk regulations and the advent of chain stores, the wooden Indian slipped out of sight—relegated to dusty corners, attics, junk piles, or transformed into a sign for antique dealers. But wooden Indians represent an important phase of American folk art. Some of them are boldly

sculptured; many are interesting in color. Wood sculpture of many kinds was far more widely practised in this country than has generally been realized; and the sculpturing of these and other shop signs represent a part of its history.

Naturally these figures have found a place in the Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project, under the Works Progress Administration, which is making a pictorial record in color of the folk arts and the decorative and applied arts that have developed in this country through three centuries.

Artists of twenty-five states are at work making full color plates for the Index, which represents the first comprehensive effort to record these American arts in forms which will be useful to designers, stage artists, critics, students, and historians. All the materials recorded are of native origin, and both public and private collections have been drawn upon.

The store figures represented here are from the large Waters collection of Grand Rapids, Michigan, which contains most of the well-known types of this form of wood sculpture.



WALTER HOCHSTRASSER

FEDERAL ART PROJECT, MICHIGAN

A CIGAR STORE INDIAN CHIEF

A chief with full head dress was the most usual type of cigar store figure, a knife in one hand and a package of cigars in the other. Since the cigars seem to be a gift it is hard to see why the knife should be held as if about to be drawn, but this pose was typical.

JULY, 1937



TWO VIEWS OF A POLYCHROME FIGURE

It is part of the ill-luck of this vanishing race to be recorded in a relatively perishable form of sculpture. This, one of the more imposing of the extant figures, shows clearly the subtle sheen and the marked iridescence acquired by long exposure to wind and weather.



SAID TO PORTRAY A SENECA CHIEF

Since these wood sculptures were never signed and cannot even be dated very accurately, fame has passed by the humble artisans who were their creators. Some of them transcended mere artisanship to achieve true artistry, and their works are now sought by museums.

JULY, 1937



A SUBLIMATION OF THE RIDICULOUS

As the Indian's true aspect was known long before this figure was carved, the sculptor must have made this in jest, for the costume and the askew head dress were certainly not observed from life, nor were, in all probability, either the pose itself or the un-Indianly grin.

CORONET



AN EARLY INDIAN TRAPPER

With the early carvers, a favorite variation of the usual chief's figure was that of the Indian trapper. In this instance the gilt fringes and long earrings suggest an Oriental costume, but they are combined with a trapper's leggings, to indicate this Indian's avocation.

JULY, 1937



THE SIGN OF THE SPECIALIST

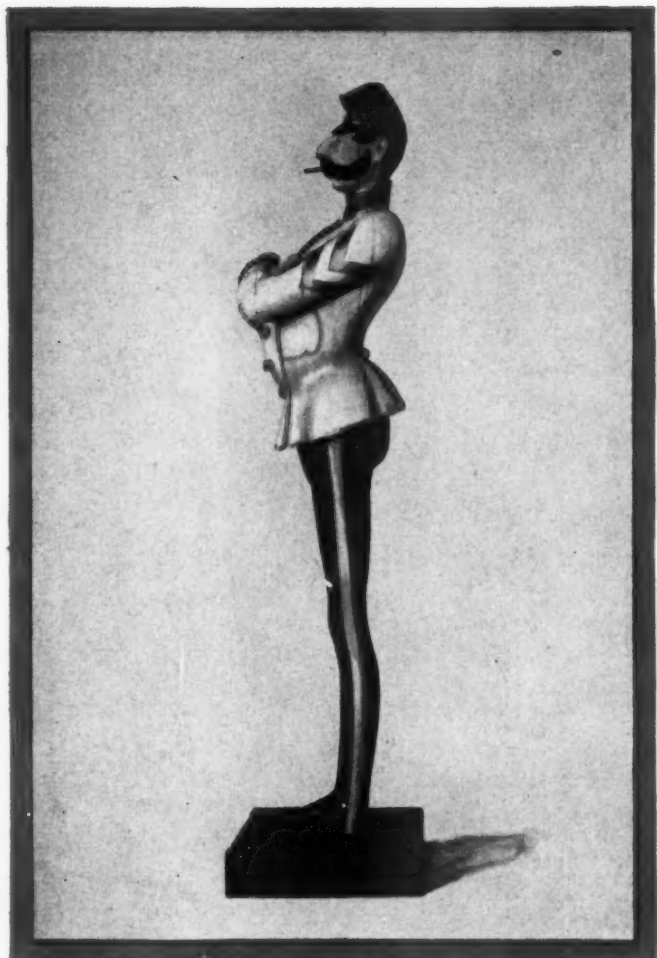
To advertise Turkish tobacco as a feature of the store's stock, this polychromed Turk undoubtedly once bore a long strand of it, suspended between his two hands. To indicate Virginia tobacco, a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh held forth some of the long and fragrant leaf.



TOBACCONIST'S TURK ON WHEELS

Less finely colored than its neighbor, this one shows the fresh shiny paint which was too often applied to old figures of this type, covering earlier and much finer decoration. The pictorial record of this and of the preceding six figures was made by Walter Hochstrasser.

JULY, 1937



EUGENE CROE

FEDERAL ART PROJECT, MICHIGAN

TIME OF THE "CIGAREET"

Whether intended to advertise or to ridicule the then new-fangled cigarette is no longer known. The story goes that a wag once presented him to the council of a small Michigan town that was torn by dissension over a small matter, saying "Here is your leading citizen."

CORONET



THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

BLAKE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA

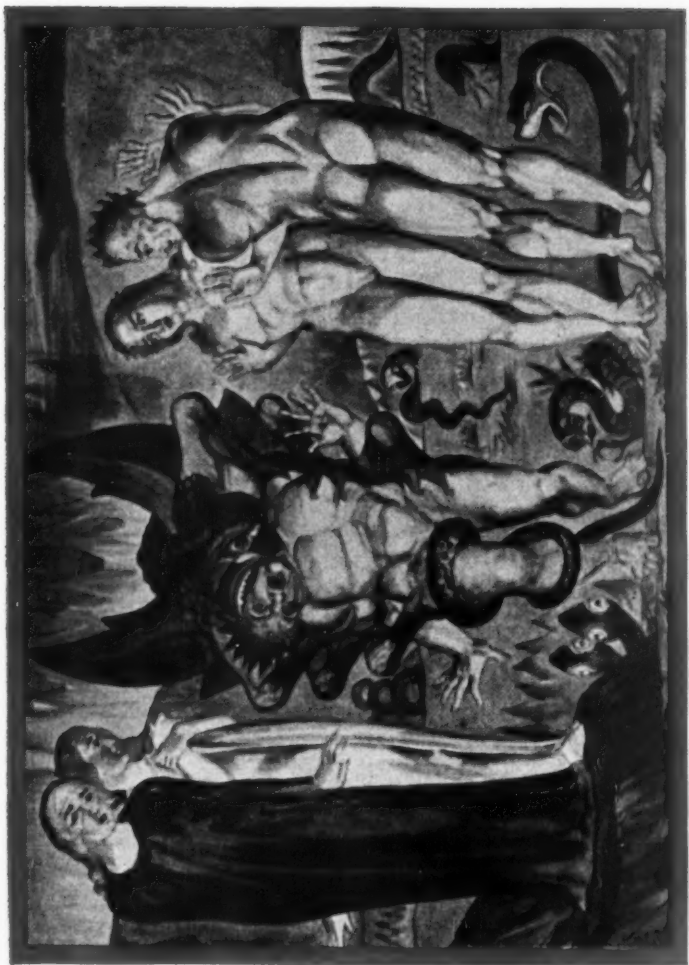
Four of the seven designs finished by William Blake just before his death in 1827. Here Dante and Virgil, visiting the Inferno, see Paolo and Francesca caught up in the whirlwind of the passionate lost souls who sinned by lust. Dante, "through compassion fainting," falls to the ground.

JULY, 1937



THE CIRCLE OF FALSIFIERS

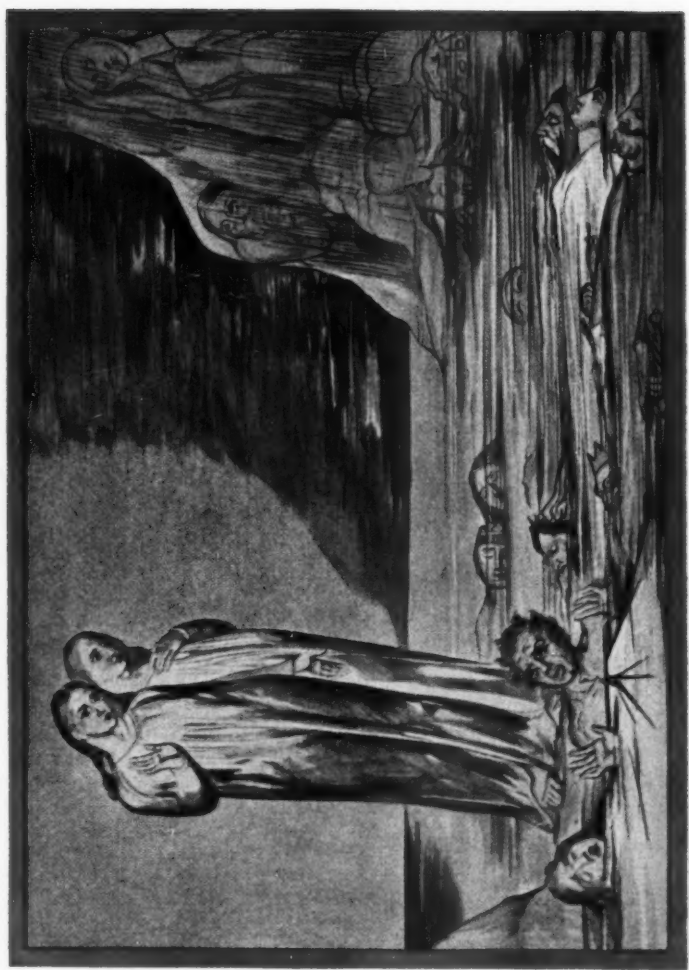
In this ring of the Inferno, "a reptile crowd of spirits swarms and sinks, the groveling and swine-like flocks" of those who have sinned by falsehood. Dante and Virgil, looking on, are constrained to hold their noses, sickened by the stench arising from the surging forms of the sufferers.



THE SIX-FOOTED SERPENT

Tortured all his life by hallucinations that were more real to him than the world around him, Blake was the predestined illustrator for Dante's *Inferno*. He had a hundred designs sketched out for the work when he died. Pious to the point of mania, he died singing loudly and in ecstasy.

JULY, 1937



THE CIRCLE OF TRAITORS

Blake's visions were as real to him as if they had been living models. Once another artist, complaining of failing invention, asked his help. Blake turned to his wife, "What do we do, Kate, when the visions forsake us?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," answered the dutiful Kate.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

By LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER

(1472-1553)

(KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA)

Painted on wood, 81 centimeters high by 114 centimeters wide, and signed with the artist's monogram (indistinguishable against the dark background of our reproduction), a device composed of a serpent and a pair of erect wings. The painting also carries the date, 1530. In the foreground, God the Father admonishing Adam and Eve; in the right background, Adam and Eve at the tree of knowledge, from behind which the tempter beckons; to the left, the creation of Eve, showing God drawing her forth from Adam's rib; in the middle distance, slightly to the left, Adam and Eve foolishly attempting to hide behind a clump of bushes, unaware of the all-seeing eye of God the Father, portrayed looking sternly down on them from a ring of clouds in the sky; at the extreme left, the expulsion of the guilty pair from the Garden of Eden.





LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER

(Continued)

Born at Kronach in Franconia, 1472; died at Weimar, 1553. Supposed to have had no other teacher than his father. In his early period he worked chiefly in Wittenberg as painter, engraver, and designer of woodcuts; after 1505 he was the court painter of the Electors of Saxony. He founded a large school, in which he was assisted by his sons, Hans and Lucas (the younger). It is recorded that he visited, and enjoyed triumphant success, in Vienna about 1502, the Netherlands, 1508, Augsburg and Innsbruck about 1550. Considering the fact that he is supposed to have amassed an immense fortune, far above that of other artists of his time, relatively little is known about him.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

CEYLONESE DEVIL-DANCERS' MASKS

In Ceylon, alongside the established religions of Buddhism and Brahmanism, a primitive belief in malevolent spirits has persisted down to the present. Masks representing the demons of different diseases (above, that of stammering) are worn by the medicine men.

JULY, 1937



MASK OF THE DEMON OF DEAFNESS

The Ceylonese believe sickness to be due to possession by one of the various demons of disease, which must be exorcised to effect a cure. The practitioner assumes the masks representing the diseases and dances the so-called "devil-dance" in front of the sick person.



THE RED FACE OF FEVER

The dancing may be continued, if necessary, throughout the night; the demon of disease is then believed to have left the sufferer and entered into the body of the masked dancer who thereupon rushes or is driven from the scene. Each of the demons has its appropriate mask.

JULY, 1937



THE UNPUILED EYES OF BLINDNESS

Having taken into his own body the demon of the disease which had been attacking the patient, the devil-dancer goes to the edge of town and falls down, pretending to be dead. The demon, disgusted at having given up a live victim for a dead one, goes away discouraged.



MASK OF THE DEMON OF SNAKE-BITE

There are nineteen masks, for the demons of the nineteen recognized afflictions of man, in the Ceylonese folk pharmacopoeia. In cases of doubtful diagnosis, the devil-dancer dons a huge mask embodying the distinguishing features of all the nineteen different demons.

JULY, 1937



MASK OF THE DEMON OF DELIRIUM

The origin of masks is lost in prehistoric obscurity but they are known to date even farther back than idols into the childhood of mankind. Their earliest use was for the invocation and exorcism of spirits. Long after their first use in magic, came their use in drama.

CORONET



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

JAVANESE TOPENG-DRAMA MASK

Javanese dramatic performances are classified either as *Topeng* or *Wayang*. The *Topeng* is performed by male actors who, except when appearing before the Sovereign, are masked. The *Wayang*, which is of three varieties, consists of either a shadow-play or a puppet-show.

JULY, 1937



JAVANESE WAYANG KLITIK PUPPET

The *Wayang* drama is divided into three classes, *Purwa*, *Gedog* and *Klitik*. The first two are shadow-plays, where the puppets are moved between a lamp and a sheet on which their shadows fall; the third exposes the puppets to direct view. The *Wayang Klitik* is the later form.



JAVANESE WAYANG PURWA PUPPET

The *Wayang Klitik* puppets are wooden and three-dimensional, while those of the *Purwa* and *Gedog* plays, being shown only as projected shadows, are two-dimensional; cut out of stamped and perforated buffalo hide, nevertheless they are always richly colored and decorated.

JULY, 1937



COMIC RELIEF IN THE PUPPET PLAY

While most of the *Klitik* plays have to do with the adventures of handsome heroes and lovely heroines (such as on page 106) every performance has interludes where clowns, buffoons and grotesque figures break the hours-on-end monotony of adventures and heroics.



JAVANESE WAYANG GEDOG PUPPET

The puppets, in all three varieties of the *Wayang* drama, are operated from below by a *Dalang* (comparable to the man inside the box in our Punch and Judy shows) who also speaks all the lines of the dialogue, frequently with satiric, topical, and even personal, allusions.

JULY, 1937



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

JAVANESE TOPENG HEROINE'S MASK

Even in the *Topeng* where the masks are worn by actors, the *Dalang* still speaks the lines for all the characters, just as in the puppet shows, because the *Topeng* masks are held in the teeth, by a strip of leather or rattan across the inside, thus preventing speech by the actors.



A Night Club Portfolio
of Six Photographs

BY
DEVER TIMMONS
OF COSHOCTON, OHIO

JULY, 1937

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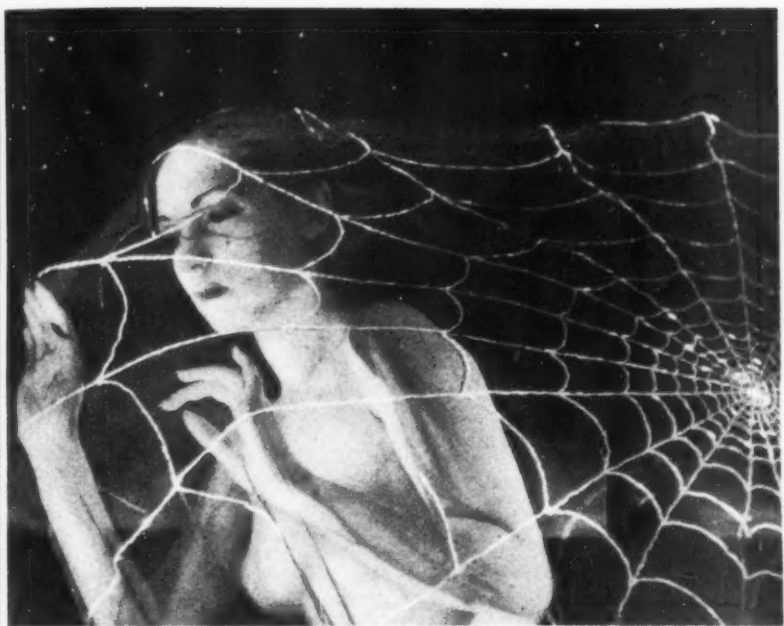


JULY, 1937

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CORONET



JULY, 1937



CORONET



JULY, 1937



CHARLES E. MACE

DENVER, COLO.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT

CORONET



ANTE KORNIC, LJUBLJANA



SCHALL

FROM PIX

DANCER ON THE BOARDWALK

CORONET

120



PAGES

MISSING

ARE

AVAILABLE

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E NOT
AVAILABLE**



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

NAILS

JULY, 1937

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

MODERN

CORONET

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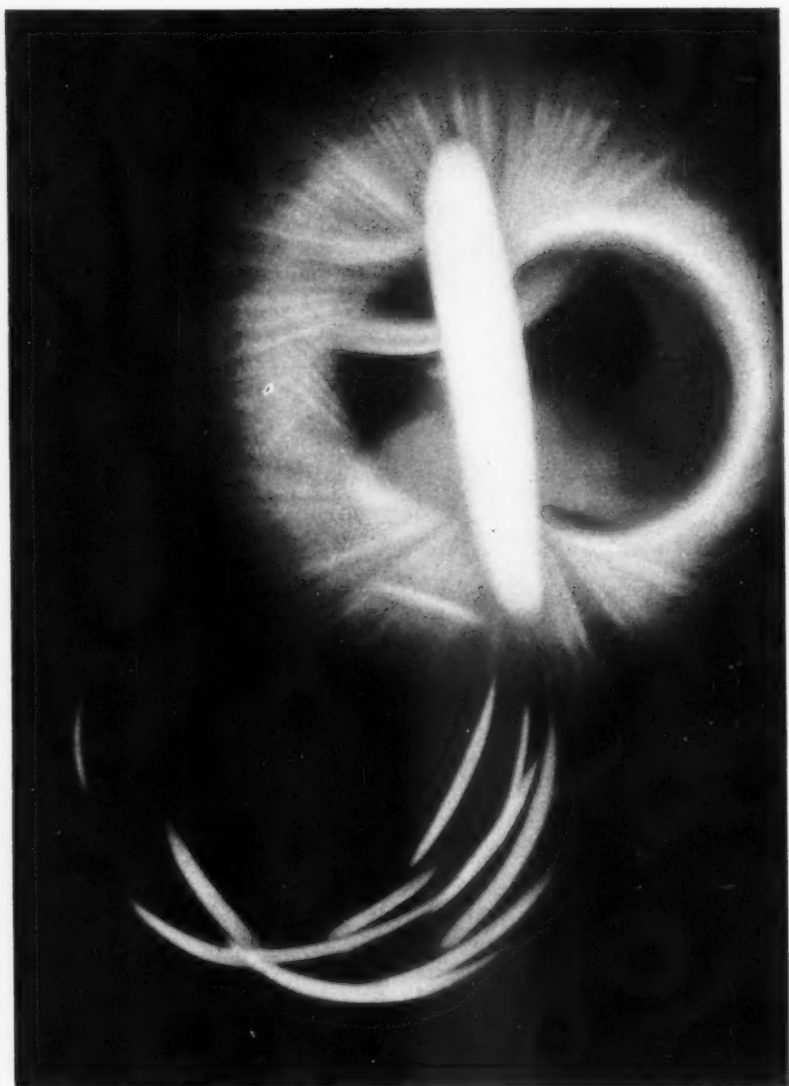


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

CLASSIC

JULY, 1937



EDWARD QUIGLEY

PHILADELPHIA

TRANSITION

CORONET



HURRELL

HOLLYWOOD

BLACK AND WHITE

JULY, 1937

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SUN OIL

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

PASTORAL

JULY, 1937

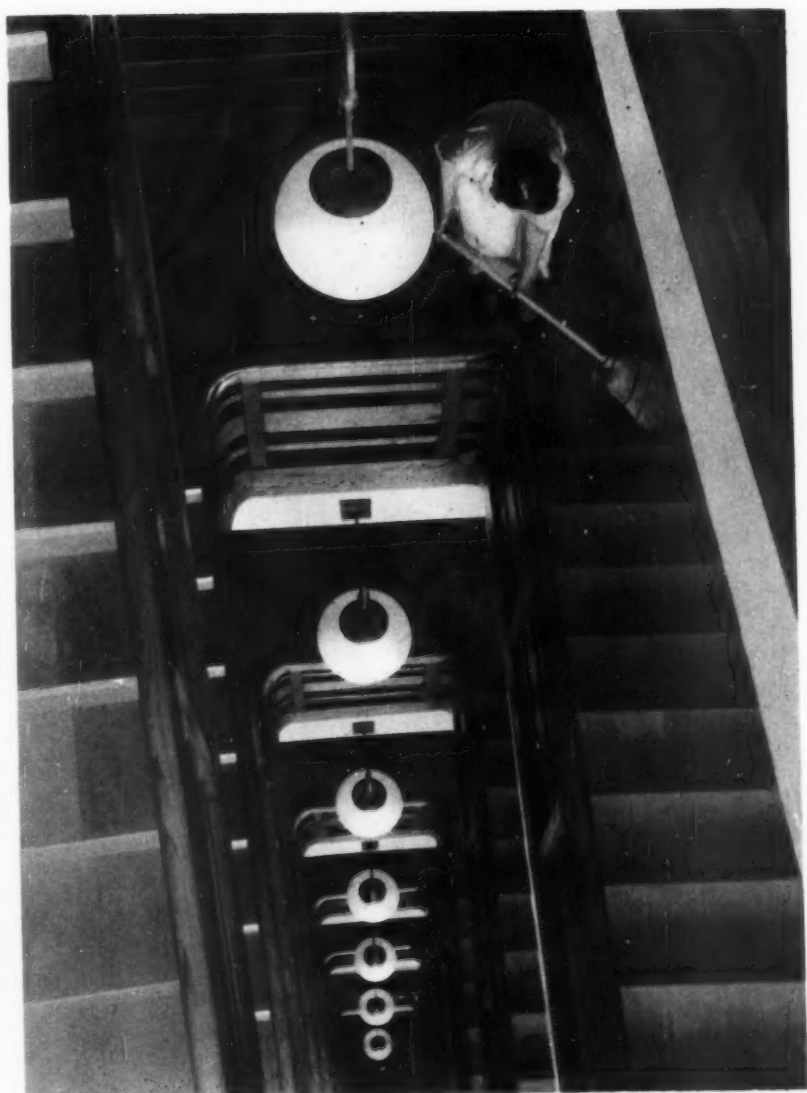


J. KAPP

YAKIMA, WASH.

STUMP DANCE

CORONET



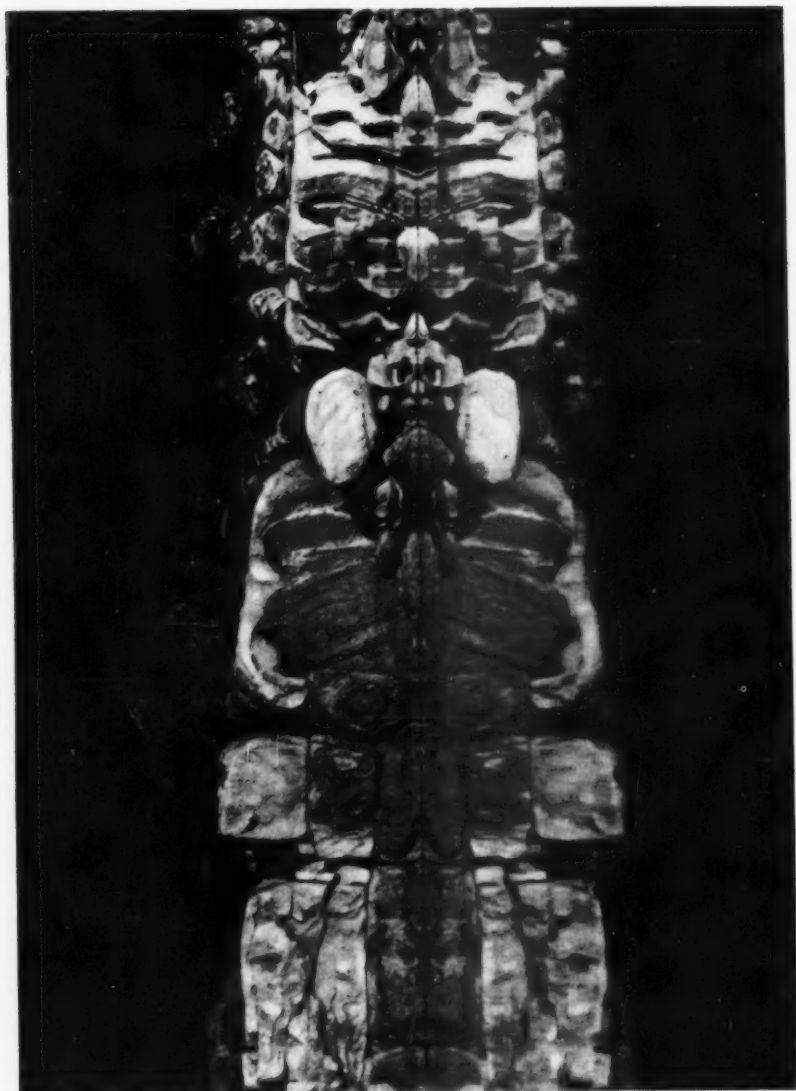
EISENSTAEDT

FROM PIX

STAIRCASE

JULY, 1937

131

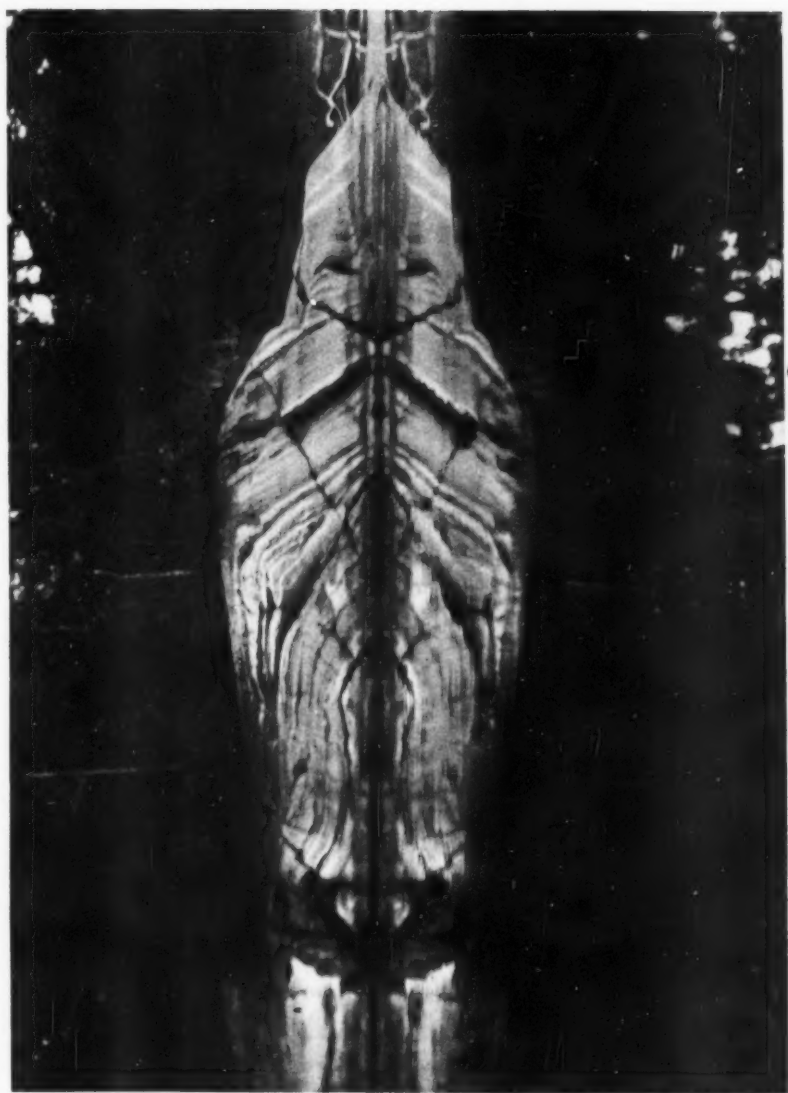


DOROTHY ROLPH AND MARION MACMILLAN

NEW YORK

TOTEM POLE?

CORONET



DOROTHY ROLPH AND MARION MACMILLAN

NEW YORK

PRIMEVAL GOD?

JULY, 1937

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FROM PIX

CATHEDRAL

CORONET

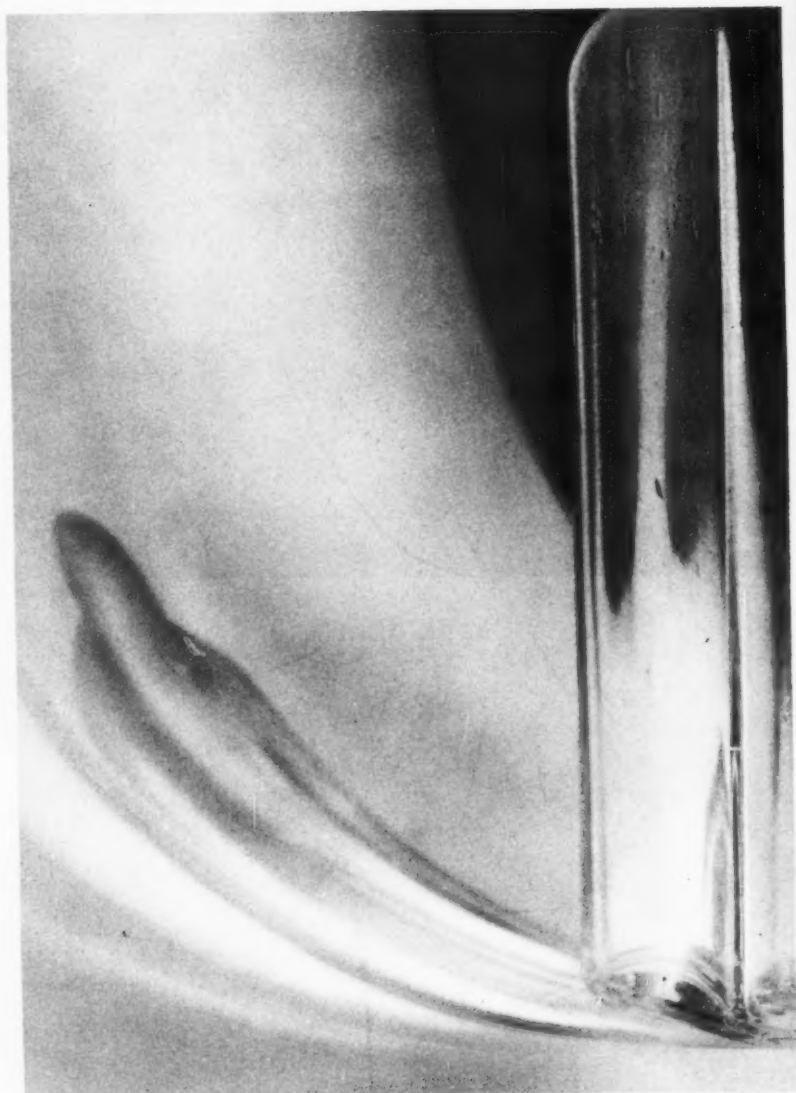


FROM PIX

DECK CHAIR

JULY, 1937

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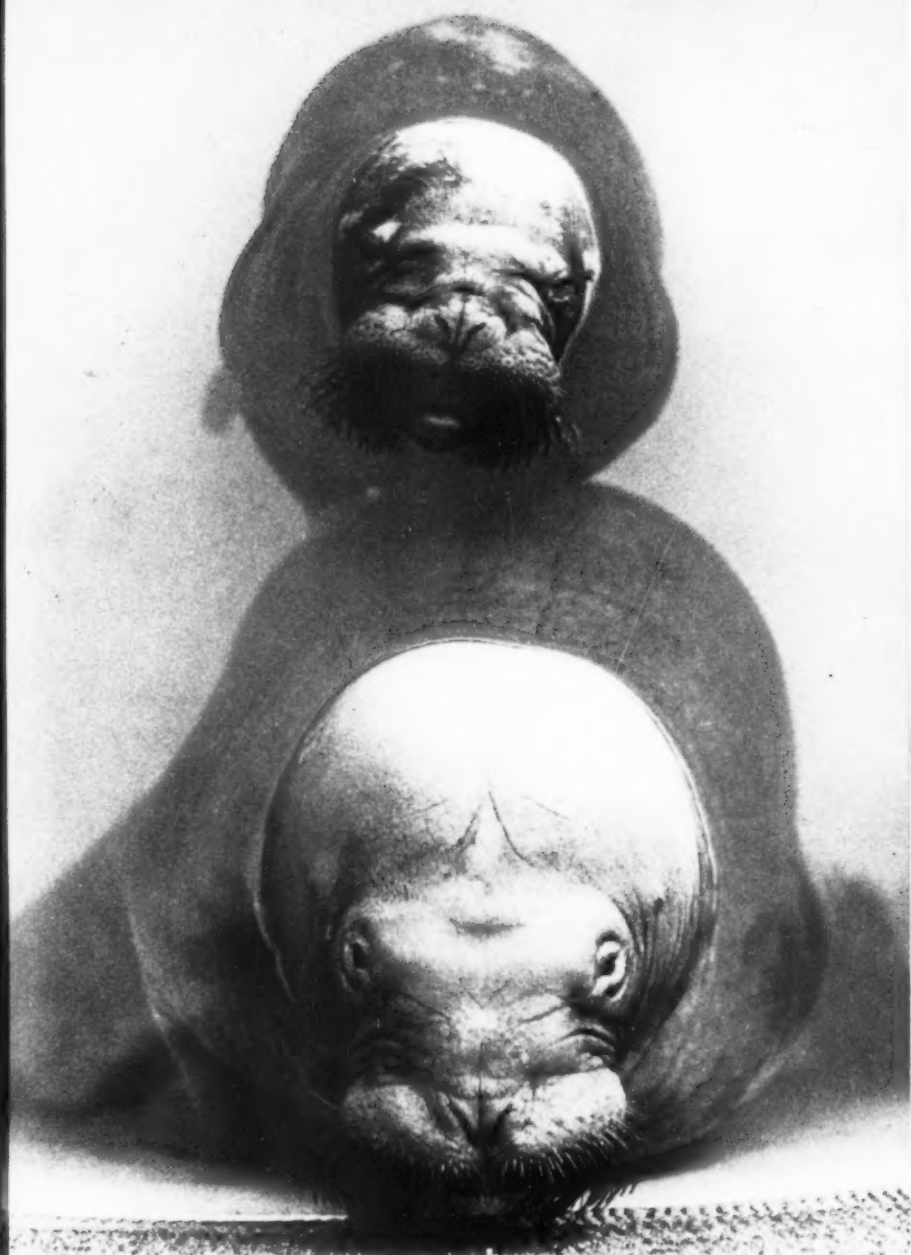


B. MEDINA

NEW YORK

SPIRIT BOTTLE

CORONET

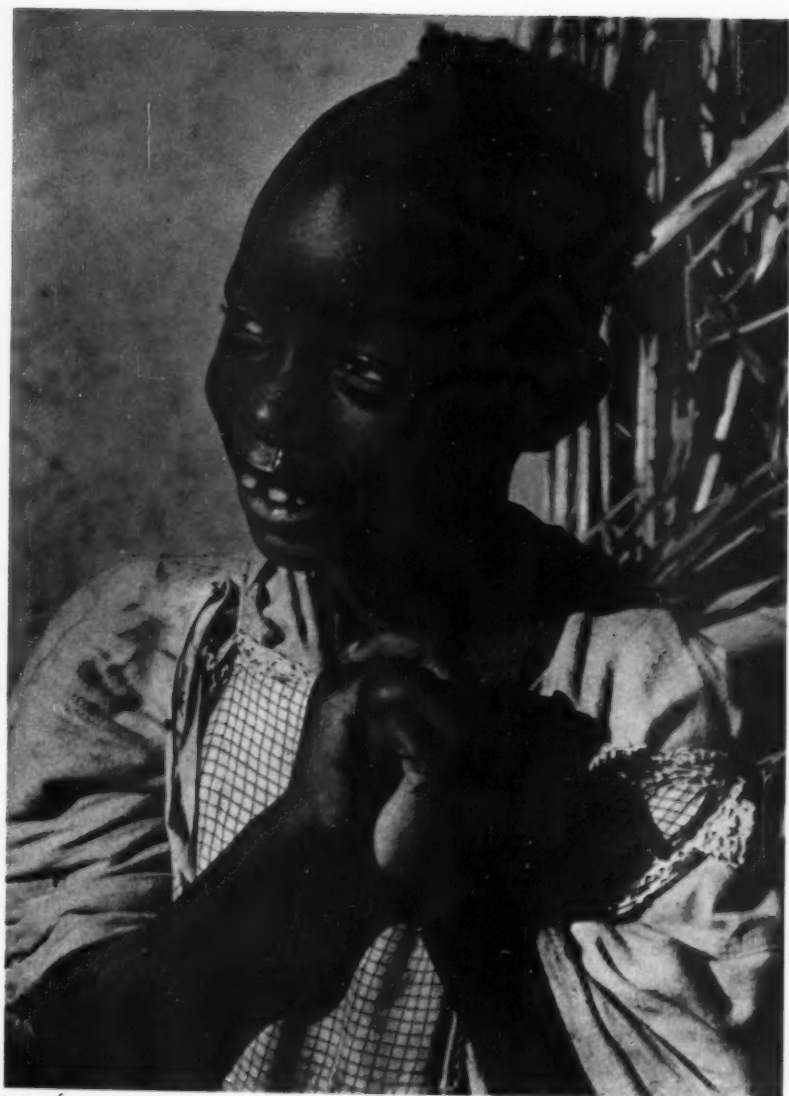


SEIDENSTÜCKER-BLACK-STA



VADAS-SCHULZ, L. I.





ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

SENEGALESE CHILD

JULY, 1937

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PHOTOPRESS

FROM EUROPEAN

ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

CORONET

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GEOFFREY LANDESMAN

CLEVELAND, OHIO

PRACTICE

JULY, 1937

HOW TO TALK GOLF

TEN LEADS BY WHICH THE YOUNG LADY
CAN WIN ALL SHE WANTS FROM A DUFFER



IF YOU are a young lady and wish to please men in general or some one man in particular, golf is very likely to be of assistance to that end, but you must be careful with whom you use it. A lot of men think they play golf but actually do nothing of the sort. To those men the game is simply exercise, with special attention centered on the waist line, and the basis of a lot of poor humor and conviviality. Slapstick golf stories in the magazines amuse them tremendously, pictures of Public Comedian No. 1 knocking a ball off Public Comedian No. 2's nose are, to them, excruciatingly funny. Those men are pseudo-artists; they have not the haziest idea of the traditions and ethics of the game.

To such men, young lady, you may talk about golf, but if you cannot talk golf, you will do better with the weather, Franklin D. Roosevelt, a bit of scandal, or any other light but conventional topic. But if chance brings you in contact with a real golfer, we'll give you a few hints which will be useful whether you wish, unselfishly, only to polish up his ego or whether you want to do something for yourself in a

big way, or perhaps if you simply wish to remain in his memory as one woman who really understands the golfing male.

When we speak of real golfers we do not mean only good golfers, the two terms are far from synonymous. The best score of a real golfer may be anywhere from the late sixties to a hundred or even higher. Scores, that is playing ability, have nothing to do with it; love of the game, reverence for its aforementioned traditions and ethics, deadly seriousness, a mingling of his and its soul make a real golfer. As really skillful players are few and far between the chances are that your male companion will play normally somewhere between eighty and one hundred, and our hints are intended to apply to him.

Naturally we presume that you know very little about golf, that is you play it once in a while for something to do and know just a little of its language, you know the way to the country club dance floor better than the path to the first tee; if you happen to be a real and skillful golfer yourself you need no advice from us. A woman

thoroughly bitten by the golf bug is not like other women and cannot be judged or approached in the normal manner. We know ourselves to be utterly incompetent to advise her about anything.

But men, being simple, transparent creatures, are different, it is quite easy to handle them—so to our knitting.

1. If he has made a hole in one, recently is better but any time in his life will do, you are fortunate, you have simply to ask him to tell you when, where and especially how he did it. Whatever you do, don't let him suspect that you know that a hole in one is pure luck. And don't, whatever you do, suggest that some very rotten players have made several holes in one whereas lots of very good players have never made any, and don't breathe a word of the one made by old Doc Slack, the worst duffer in the club. If you do you will probably find your audience looking for entertainment elsewhere.

2. If you know that he played that afternoon or any time during the week, ask him if he had a good game but before he has time to answer say that you suppose he got his usual seventy-five—or any figure some ten strokes below what he probably made. When he smiles modestly do your feminine stuff by telling him that you have been crazy for years to talk to a really fine player, because your friends don't play well at all.

3. If on the other hand he admits that he did not score well because he

three putted half a dozen greens, jump on the greenkeeper with both feet, say that of course the greens were simply too lightning fast, all the members were complaining about them, or too ridiculously slow or very un-uniform and say that when a man is such a marvelous putter as he is that greens in poor condition really spoil the game.

4. Follow the same plan when he says that while he was hitting his shots well his medal score was wrecked by an eight or a nine or both. Say that the rough has been allowed to grow much too long, unless one is interested in hunting expeditions, and that the traps are in really disgraceful condition. In your guileless way never let him suspect that you know that eights and nines are by no means rare with him and that even fair golfers don't get that high more than once in a blue moon.

5. You should, before long, abandon the passive and take the active course by asking him if he is sure that his grip is what gives him such wonderful accuracy on long shots and then before he has time to suspect that you may be sarcastic ask him to show you how he holds a club—and why. A knife or fork, a ruler, a stick, anything will do for illustration and as he explains, "I see, I see, I understand perfectly." Follow that with, "No one has ever explained it to me so clearly. You certainly have worked it out scientifically, haven't you?" Don't tell him that you know he changes his

grip every week or so, that he even does it half a dozen times in a round.

6. Continuing on the offensive ask him questions about the chaperons of the game, those several hundred Rules, being careful to discover whether he thinks they really help the game or whether he thinks they were made for crooks, not for gentlemen. If the latter, tell him that a poor sportsman did this or that and agree with whatever he says about golf lawyers. If the former, be primed with a few questions and incidents such as the hoary old one of a ball lost in the hole, or if he is rather keen the one about the ball that came to rest in the crack between two sagging planks forming a bridge over a brook and rolled forward and backward the minute the player stepped on the planks.

7. Again on the offensive ask him if he really made that wonderful shot you've heard so many people talk about. You can be vague, if necessary, just give him a hint and he will provide the details, based on fact or fancy as circumstances decree. A specific question is: "What is the best shot you ever made?"

8. Ask him if he approves the length of some long back-breaking hole so that he can say that he does, for while it takes two pretty fair shots to get home he has not failed to do it, or practically do it, once this summer, even in bad weather.

9. The mention of weather opens another door if he happens to play in the rain and during the winter, even when

there is snow on the ground. The rain may be passed over quickly except to note that sudden storms make no distinction between dub and star, we've all been caught umbrella-less on the course, but make him understand that you understand that a man who deliberately plays when the ground is frozen, the wind blowing hard and the temperature around twenty must be a real golfer, tough-fibered and with a wonderful constitution. Don't breathe your suspicion that he is just a wee bit balmy and plays winter golf for the same reason that the insane man hit himself on the head with a hammer, it felt so good when he stopped.

10. And while it is extremely elementary, don't forget that he is a great, big, strong man and how you do wish you could hit a ball such perfectly enormous distances as he does, or, if he's not a slugger, how you think it silly to count on brute strength and wish you had his wonderful control and delicacy of touch. In other words it is too horribly pathetic to be a girl who can't get any distance at all and who never knows where the ball is going.

If, my dear, you follow those ten suggestions, polishing them up with your feminine tact and wit, and get nowhere, then you will never make a golfer a good wife, or never be a boon companion to one and you had better find a poet or pugilist or someone like that and work on him.

—EDITH QUIER AND R. S. FRANCIS

WHAT HAPPENS BELOW

EXPLAINING THE MAZE OF CONDUITS, PIPES,
AND SEWERS THAT INSURE CITY COMFORT



WHEN you get home after a day's work, you probably go to your bathroom, run the water in the basin and wash, sit down to a dinner cooked on a gas stove, telephone a few friends and then settle back in a comfortable chair and read your paper with the aid of the electric light.

When you turn on your gas range, pick up the telephone, turn on the electric light, has it ever occurred to you that millions of other people are doing just the same things and, in order to satisfy everyone, a mighty complicated system of wires and gas pipes is necessary?

Let us consider the largest city in America with its eight million people. At a given instant, for example, one hundred thousand toilets are being flushed, one hundred thousand gas stoves are turned on, one hundred thousand telephone receivers are picked up, etc.—let us try to see how this is made possible.

Under every street in the City of New York, there is, first of all, the sewer, which is used entirely to dispose of your waste water. If there were no sewers there would be no cities, and

any large group of people trying to live together, would soon be exterminated by disease. The sewer has a different job from the water main. It never runs full, so it is never under pressure. This means that it is a different type of conductor. It varies from a small tile pipe, twelve inches in diameter, to a huge concrete tunnel, big enough to drive a truck through. Instead of being circular like the water pipe, it is elliptical, and works best when about three-quarters full. It is dependent entirely upon gravity for its flow, and consequently must never be level, but always slightly "down hill."

Obviously sewers are always filthy. They get so dirty in time that they must be cleaned out and, if you look on any street, you will see holes with iron covers every so often in the center of the street. These are manholes—large enough for a man to go down into the sewer and clean it or inspect it—a sweet job, but not for us! In addition to the regular sewer, there is a storm sewer for the purpose of catching rain water and melting snow. The storm sewer is small and is supplied

through catch basins or openings at street corners where the waters from the gutter empty.

The sewer system is extremely complicated in its construction because of the necessity of grading it so that the water in it will flow downhill continually. The sewer under Fifth Avenue must be very careful when it intersects the sewer under Forty-second Street. There must be no chance for the water and waste matter to stand—it's got to keep moving until it reaches its destination.

In the previous issue of CORONET we described how pure rain water was collected far away in the mountains, and led into the city's water mains. These water mains run under the street, parallel with the sewer, and are tapped at every apartment or dwelling by smaller pipes.

Suppose that streets were made of glass and we could see through them. A typical street, then, would show the huge sewer running along in the center of the street, connecting every twenty or thirty feet with large pipes running from the houses on either side of the street. We could also see the water main filled with clear, fresh, pure water under pressure, tapped at every twenty or thirty feet by small pipes which, like the sewer pipes, lead off to the right and to the left to supply the houses.

But we have hardly begun! In addition to the regular water mains, and entirely independent of them, is a high pressure water main which has

outlets known as hydrants, entirely for City use—for flushing and cleaning the streets and putting out fires. The pressure is so great that it frequently takes three or four men to hold the hose attached to a hydrant when the water is going full force.

Our glass street now begins to look pretty complicated. But we must include the gas mains, which, like the water mains, must be thoroughly air tight; because gas, as you know, is poisonous.

Everyone has seen a gas tank and knows that sometimes it is high and sometimes low—dependent upon the amount of gas in the tank. When the gas tank is high, the pressure is high, and when it is low, the pressure is low. From these tanks the gas mains travel under the various streets, parallel with the water mains and sewers. They, too, are tapped every twenty or thirty feet with smaller pipes which lead into the apartment houses and dwellings. These gas mains do not need to be graded, but they must be independent of everything and nothing can cross them or obstruct them. Now if you go back to our glass street, you will see that we have added another system of pipes with its corresponding offshoots, and the picture is still more complicated.

In New York there is a large steam company which supplies the office buildings in the midtown section with steam just as the gas companies supply you with gas. Steam mains, to be efficient, must be fairly large in size and are easily distinguished by their wrap-

pings. If they were not buried in the ground deeply and thoroughly wrapped in heavy insulation, the steam inside of them would condense and little of it would get to its destination. These steam pipes are tapped by the large office buildings just as the gas mains are tapped by apartment houses and homes. The tapping pipe, known as a riser, extends all the way up the building, and radiators are attached on each floor to this pipe.

Telephone, telegraph and electric light wires are enclosed in conduits, usually made of lead. The telephone conduit includes some three thousand wires, each enclosed in a different-colored wrapping to distinguish it from its immediate neighbor. From the outside, the conduit looks like a cross between a lead pipe and a rope, but a cross section will reveal thousands of little wires as we just explained. If you follow this conduit to the nearest telephone company manhole (usually a square, large iron plate at the intersection of two streets) you will see these thousands of wires enter a huge box and connect with other thousands of wires with uncanny precision. These boxes are for the telephone company men to inspect in case anything goes wrong. Alongside of the telephone conduits run the telegraph company wires, the wires for the traffic signals, police telephones, fire alarm signals and cables. Each of these has a different conduit and a different means of identification, and they all lead to their destinations in

the most direct and orderly fashion.

In addition to all this, we have the electric light cables with their respective tapplings, running independently of all the other conduits. These cables start out at the generating plants and run under every street in the city. You can readily imagine what this glass street will look like with all these things under it—it will be an incredible conglomeration and network, so complicated as to be totally incomprehensible to the layman. In addition to all this complexity, we must not forget the third rail system for the street cars, and the pneumatic tube system that carries mail under the street from the substations to the main postoffice. As complicated as this may appear to you, looking through this glass street, try to imagine what happens when all this maze of pipes, sewers, conduits, mains, etc., crosses a similar system at right angles to it. You can see that all of these have a definite job. They are all going some place as quickly and as directly as possible. They are running along under Fifth Avenue, parallel with one another and not interfering with each other, but what happens when they cross Forty-second Street is something else again. Forty-second is also an important street with its sewers, its gas mains, its water mains and its myriad of conduits and pipes which intercept the same mains, pipes, conduits and sewers on Fifth Avenue at right angles. What's to be done at this

intersection? We can't run a water pipe through as a gas main. We can't run a gas main through a sewer. We have to do some criss-cross work and be careful that we don't interfere with the gradation of the sewers, because when two sewers cross they both must continue to maintain their rate of flow, and if they intersect there would be a terrible mess at the intersection. It is quite a puzzle for the engineer. Conduits, gas pipes and water mains are comparatively simple, since they can be led "under" or "over" the other intersecting conduits and water mains. They can be treated pretty much as a rope. The gas and steam pipes must be conducted around other gas and steam pipes by means of a "U"-shaped pipe. If the electric cables are carried in a box tunnel, the problem of taking it around something in its way is, of course, much more difficult than if it is part of a cable and not in a box. Be glad that you don't have to figure out street intersections in large cities, for, unless you are a highly specialized civil engineer, it would present insurmountable difficulties. If the street is one under which there is a subway, a street car line, or anything else that takes up space underground, the already complicated problem is made twice as complicated, because these carriers must be provided for in the remaining unoccupied space. Think for a moment what a terrific job it is to build a subway under a crowded street. To dig it

without interfering with any of the hundreds of carriers is itself an accomplishment. To build it, underpin it, shore it, and keep traffic moving above it while construction work is going on, as well as supporting the adjacent buildings so that their foundations are not weakened, is enough to tax the best of minds. But that is another story.

The next time you cross the street, look around you at the pavement. Notice the score or more of manhole covers. Notice the difference in them—some of them are round with holes in them, others are large and round with no holes, some are square and very large, others are only a few inches square, big enough to allow a handle to be inserted in order to turn a valve. Notice all these manholes at any street intersection. The majority of them will admit a man and enable him to climb down for the purpose of repairing or inspecting the particular carrier necessary. The man from the Consolidated Gas Company, for example, knows just which hole to go down to inspect and examine the gas main. The man from the electric company goes down a different hole. The sewer inspector goes down still another hole, the telephone company's man a different one, etc.

All this work, all this marvelous construction, all these faithful and dependable servants lie buried, quiet, invisible, and usually unthought of by the countless millions whose health and comforts they guard.

—JEROME S. MEYER, CHARLES S. BRISK

PATIENT'S PROGRESS

AT LAST ONE DOCTOR PROVED HELPFUL,
BUT NOT WITHOUT HIS SHARE OF HARM



ON MY second day in the big Michigan hospital, I lay on the X-ray table and listened to my doctors pronounce what virtually amounted to a death sentence. They were examining my plates and evidently didn't realize that I could hear everything they said through the open door of the dark room.

The X-ray specialist said, "His whole ilium is spotted with decay. His only hope is an operation to remove the bad bone around the acetabulum." I knew acetabulum meant hip-joint-socket.

Dr. Small, my diagnostician, answered, "Yes, but he's too far gone for a job like that. Of course, the final decision is up to Dr. Newsom and possibly he'll be willing to take the chance."

That near through! Of course I had guessed it; thought I knew it. Yet to hear my judgment confirmed by the doctors brought a wave of sickening despair. I found it hard to believe my bones could rot that fast. Only four months before in California when my sickness started the X-rays had shown no bone trouble. The doctors there

had treated me for intestinal parasites. Had they been that far wrong? Had they taken my money for nothing?

The doctors came out smiling reassuringly and told me the plates were too wet to read accurately. I let it go for I was too stunned to argue. Also, I felt timid about taking too much of their time for, though my hospital bed and X-rays were being paid for by my people, both Dr. Small and Dr. Newsom, the surgeons on my case, had agreed to take their pay from a charity fund.

Back in the noisy ward I lay outwardly calm but the back part of my mind repeated over and over, "Too far gone . . . too far gone . . . TOO FAR GONE TO SAVE."

All that long, hideous night a Negro screamed and groaned in agony after a leg amputation. This stirred up the other patients until the place was a madhouse. Morning found me sleepless but resolved to get out of the ward that day. If I were going to die, all right. But I would do it somewhere in peace. That afternoon after a long-winded argument, I was moved to the cheapest private room available.

That quiet room was such a relief that for hours I lay consciously soaking up the silence. Here I felt confident I could take what was coming to me. No one could see me suffer, nor did I have to be the unwilling witness to the suffering of eleven other men. I could have something of privacy, decency and dignity.

For the next four days I lay never moving or eating, and breathing so lightly that I could not see my chest move in the mirror opposite my bed. My temperature was around 104, my left leg was doubled up in its spasm, but neither of my doctors came near me even to give the results of their diagnosis. My people felt this neglect was due to the smallness of their pay from the charity fund. Angered, they forced a show-down.

So on the morning of the fifth day, Dr. Newsom came to see me for the first time. He was a handsome doctor who could evidently make a diagnosis on sight, for as he came through the door he looked hard at me and said loudly, "Young man, you have either syphilis or tuberculosis of the hip joint and you've waited too long before coming to me. I can do nothing for you." Then he jerked back my covers and poked at my hip.

Stung by his insulting manner, I snapped out of my stupor. I said, "I think you're wrong, doctor. I know I haven't got syphilis and I don't think I have tuberculosis." I nearly added that it was evident he hadn't given two minutes' thought to my case.

Without a word he swung on his heel and marched from the room. In the hall I could hear my wife pleading with him to do something, but he said, "There is nothing I can do. He can't live through an operation. He has about four days to go."

Stimulated by anger, my mind began to work again. How could I have syphilis bad enough to rot my bones when all my blood tests were negative? This doctor was just guessing. Probably he didn't want to work on me because I couldn't pay him big money. No doubt he was also guessing when he said I had only four days to go. Maybe there was still hope for me. I would get out of this place, away from this indifferent doctor. I would go back to the hospital at my university; it was the largest teaching hospital in the world and had some of the best medical men in the country on its staff. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

My people agreed with this decision and sent for Dr. Brownson, a country doctor, who came and made the trip to the hospital with me. Since this meant leaving his own large practice, and since he refused to take little above expense money, this country doctor's unselfish kindness contrasted sharply with the mercenary attitude of the city specialists. All during the train trip Dr. Brownson kept me pumped full of morphine.

Though we arrived after midnight, I was given a thorough examination before I was wheeled to a room.

I was delighted to learn the senior intern on my floor was Si Dawson, an old friend from school days. I had just been put to bed when Si stuck his head in the door and took a long look at me. But before I could cry a greeting he withdrew and I could hear his footsteps retreating down the hall. For a minute I was puzzled. Then I realized I had been changed by sickness until Si didn't know me. Even the next morning when he saw me in daylight I had trouble convincing him I was the same fellow he had known. He said I looked more like forty-five than twenty-three. It was a weird experience.

But once he recognized me and heard my story, he went into furious action. Within ten minutes he had the head of the bone-and-joint department in my room giving me an examination. This orthopedist is famous but I shall always call him the Chief. He was a stocky doctor with iron grey hair, a round pleasant face and an air of conservative dependability. As he dug his hands into my sore side he talked over his shoulder to Si: "Get a complete set of plates. I want spine and chest, too. Then get that leg up in skin traction and see if you can straighten it out." Turning to me he smiled and said, "Rest as much as you can. I'll know more when I see your plates." Then he hurried out. The whole thing had taken only two or three minutes, but I was comforted for I knew I had met a real doctor at last.

I told Si I had X-rays with me

which were taken only a week before. But Si said plates taken in one hospital were seldom used in another. I hope some day a standardization of technique and equipment will eliminate such waste and expense to the patient.

Down in the X-ray department I waited for two hours in a hall crowded with more misery than I had ever before seen in one small place. On stretchers and in wheel chairs waited patients who were skeleton-like and yellow or blotched and bloated; some had lost an arm or a leg and one woman breathed through a silver tube thrust through a hole in her neck. One stretcher was loaded with five misshapen infants, one of whom cried steadily in a small weak voice. In an alcove were rows of benches filled with poorly dressed outpatients who sat stolidly, staring straight ahead, and in the eyes of some I could read fear.

The doctors and nurses were arrogant to these people and soon I saw a reason for their cowed attitude. When the country doctor protested that it was dangerous to have me wait so long, he was rebuffed and humiliated. Any movement from my one rigid, twisted position on my stretcher brought a sledge hammer pain in the groin. I knew this added pain could have been avoided simply by allowing me to wait in my room until the doctors phoned they were ready to take my X-rays. I was depressed, for in the atmosphere of this

hall I sensed a machine-like performance of duty, devoid of sympathy or any real urge to save lives.

At last, in desperation, I sent for Si who came and spoke a few words to one of the doctors. Almost immediately my stretcher was wheeled into a room and placed against the X-ray table. I asked the fat, young X-ray doctor to let me move onto the table without help and explained that it hurt to have anyone lift me. Ignoring what I had said, he spoke to the stretcher orderly. "You take his shoulders, and I'll lift his feet," he said, and grasped my ankles, giving them a pull to straighten me out.

It sent a stunning stab of pain through my left hip and up into my throat. Then I exploded. I shouted to let go my leg and swore at him steadily and competently for at least a minute. At the end I said, "What the hell do you mean by grabbing my leg after I told you it hurt to have anyone touch it? By God! you may get away with treating the charity patients like that but I'm paying my way here and I won't stand it a minute. You pay attention to what I say and we may get along." From then on I got respectful aid.

Back in my room Si had clamped an overhead frame of iron bars to my bed from which dangled a sling for my leg and a trapeze bar, called a "monkey bar," to give me a hand hold. Working carefully he attached heavy weights to my leg with rope and adhesive tape in such a way that

their steady pull working through a pulley would spread the joints of my leg apart. The whole apparatus looked like something Rube Goldberg thought up after a bad night. But when Si applied the weights, I grasped the bars of my bed and hung on, sick with pain. The sensation can be imagined by remembering that in medieval times nearly the same method was used in torturing prisoners on the rack.

For four days I stood the wrenching torment of this ordeal. On the last day of life granted me by the previous doctors' pronouncement, I mentally thumbed my nose.

On the fifth day a red spot appeared on my left groin. Si took a look at it and ran for the Chief. The Chief poked at it and said, "There's something there, all right. I'll operate tomorrow morning." He seemed elated, almost triumphant.

I spent a bad night remembering what the other hospital's doctors had said about my not being able to stand an operation, but in the morning I was under control. The nurse put a pair of long white stockings on my legs. They looked like women's hose and Marje rolled her eyes flirtatiously, waved and called, "Yoo-hoo." I asked where my petticoat was, and as Si pumped a shot of morphine into my arm, he said I looked ready for the front row of a burlesque chorus.

Down in the operating room the doctors tried a blood transfusion but my arteries collapsed as soon as they

were punctured by the needle. The Chief said not to worry and gave the order to start the gas. To me an anesthetic feels like a tail-spin in an airplane on a dark night which ends in a collision with a major comet. I doggedly counted my breaths and went out on eighteen.

I awoke to find Si bustling about my room and soon the Chief barged in followed by two or three other doctors. The Chief was in a jovial mood, exclaiming loudly to everybody about the success of the operation. His deep voice boomed and he had a way of throwing back his head and letting his hearty laughter roll out that made you think he was genuinely amused. I learned the Chief's knife had tapped an abscess so big that the pus had shot two feet into the air and had geysered to that height for a full half-minute. It was this tremendous pressure that had caused my nerves to scream out a protest every time my heart beat for the extra pressure of the blood being pumped through my arteries had crowded them the more. They called it an iliopsoas abscess which meant it was located deep in my groin, under the iliacus and psoas muscles, almost to the bone that forms the back side of my pelvis. The doctors tried another transfusion, but it was also a failure.

For eight days I was on the danger list. Then my temperature dropped, my pulse decreased and my leg straightened out as its spasm gradually relaxed. Finally, at the end of

two weeks I was able to eat a little.

As I gained strength my curiosity awoke. I tried to find out and understand what had caused my trouble and what the treatment would be. Si had been transferred to another part of the hospital and none of the other doctors seemed to have time to explain things. The Chief had a clever technique for getting in and out of a room without being bothered with questions. He and the head nurse, working smoothly together, would keep up a running fire of talk, asking and answering each other's questions until they made their escape: "He's looking fine, isn't he, nurse?" "Oh, splendid! And his temperature is way down, too." "I was noticing that on his chart. How're you sleeping, Don? (no pause for an answer) What's his chart say about that, nurse?" And so on. Unless a patient was rude enough to shout them down he could not gain an opening.

But I was fortunate in having Sandy Lakowski, the resident physician, for a friend of long standing. Sandy was a natural clown, always kidding, always good natured, but he was genuinely helpful, too. Once or twice a day he popped into my room and insisted on cheering me up. Finally, exasperated at what seemed to be a conspiracy of silence, I complained to him. I remember saying, "What kind of a joint is this? All I get is a lot of fast talk and a run around. I can't find out anything. I can't even get to see my X-rays. I

tell you I'm not going to stand it."

Sandy just laughed and asked what I could do about it. They had me, he said. Here I was flat on my back with one leg in the air which was no position to be in if I planned to get tough. I'd better talk small, he thought, or some doc would hang five or ten pounds more weight on my leg. But later he brought my X-rays and showed them to me. And he explained that my diagnosis was decay of the bone marrow (osteomyelitis) caused by a low grade infection by a microbe named staphylococcus, a bug so common that it is present on the skins of everyone. The same bug that causes boils and pimples. To make sure there were no tuberculosis germs present, my infection had been given to some guinea pigs.

This was fine. Here, at last, was the science I had read about. Guinea pigs and everything! Now we were getting somewhere. For a week or so I was filled with hope and confidence in my doctors. I was interested to see what would happen next. But there was no next—that was the whole story. I protested and asked how come a benevolent microbe like staph had attacked my bones? Didn't there have to be some cause—some upset in metabolism, or maybe an unbalanced glandular condition, or a source of infection in some other part of my body—anyway some trouble which would have to be set right before I could expect any permanent recovery? When I asked these questions I

was met with a tolerant smile and I saw that the doctors intended to go no deeper into my trouble. I began to be a little doubtful again.

During the next two months this doubt was aggravated by a series of mistakes and annoyances until it developed into a hearty distrust of the doctors, not as men—I admired the Chief—but as efficient, humane life-savers.

Without asking about my pain, or giving any warning, the doctors jerked me off morphine which resulted in endless nights without sleep. When a rise in temperature backed up my protests, they allowed me a small amount which did not begin to cover my pain. But, worst of all, the nurses often shot a hypo of plain water into my arm, claiming it was morphine. Imagine the stupidity of trying to fool a patient accustomed to morphine as I had been with any such subterfuge. It was as though the doctors had accused me of lying about my pain. When I grew angry, they always promised it wouldn't happen again, but a few nights later it would be repeated. Soon I distrusted the doctors' word as much as they evidently distrusted mine.

Then in a round-about way I learned the Chief intended to do an operation to stiffen my hip joint. The Chief admitted it, but was angry I had learned about it. His attitude was that what I didn't know I couldn't worry about. Naturally I was depressed and Sandy and Marje had

all they could do to cheer me up. Some X-rays were taken which showed so much improvement that the Chief changed his mind about the necessity of another operation and thought I might have a chance to retain the use of my hip. However, no one informed me for three whole weeks. So for three weeks I fought despair, believing I must face life as a cripple simply because no one thought to tell me of my reprieve.

About this time I had a flare-up which forced the Chief to put me in a hip-spika, a large plaster cast which reached from just beneath my arms clear down to the toes of my bad leg. The purpose of this cast was to completely immobilize my leg and it did seem to help, for my temperature dropped again. But soon my left foot felt as though it were on fire and burning pains extended up to my knee. I could get none of the doctors to take this new trouble seriously and from Sandy I learned the reason. He said I had been sick too long and had "hospitalitis" which was a nice way of saying I was mildly crazy from suffering so that now I was imagining pain. "You're wrong," I said, "but it will be too late to do anything by the time you find it out. That's the trouble with you doctors. You know it all. No one can tell you one damned thing." Sandy just laughed; you could never dent his good nature.

But when the cast was cut open my leg was dark and swollen and I found I had lost control of my foot. Now

that the damage was done, whole flocks of doctors came flooding into my room to hold head-shaking contests over it. They blindfolded me and stuck pins into my leg to see how much feeling I had left. In the end they admitted I had a bad foot-drop and if I ever regained the use of my leg would walk in a flop-footed fashion. It had been caused by a pinch in the cast. More care should have been taken to pad the sciatic nerve against pressure. The Chief thought the sciatic nerve would regenerate, but the neurologists thought it was hopeless.

When the doctors had stopped paying any attention, my pert little head nurse came into my room and tied one end of a string around my big toe, giving me the other end to hold. "This may look crazy to you," she said, "but I think it will work. Imagine you're going to move your foot and at the same time pull on the string." She explained her theory that nerves, like muscles, needed the stimulation of exercise to help them regenerate. For two weeks I took a kidding from everybody, but at intervals I pulled on the string and, of course, my foot moved. Without the string it was as dead as ever. Finally, though, I thought I could get a flicker of response which day by day grew stronger until at last I could move my foot again under its own power. Its movements were still jerky but it was at least a partial victory and it did little to restore my faith in the

doctors to see a simple treatment devised by a nurse could succeed when they were helpless.

I was far too weak to lift my leg, so not until the doctors tested my hip joint and declared it had "ankylosed" did I realize that while I was in the cast the bones of my hip had apparently grown together. Now even if I overcame the infection I must face life with a deformity. From nurses and interns I heard stories of mistakes on other patients which proved my experience was not uncommon. Once more my spirits touched bottom and I was thoroughly disillusioned with the medical profession.

It was not that I doubted the Chief's sincerity or ability, but I did doubt he could take time to study my case. He operated all morning, lunched hurriedly, and examined case after case in the out-patient department until five in the afternoon. Sometime during the day he must steal time to visit all his patients in the vast sur-

gical wards, the immense children's ward and in the private rooms. Here were methods of mass production applied to medicine. Here were patients on an endless belt of routine similar to the production line of a factory, and only if their troubles fitted easily into a groove of diagnosis could they be helped in the short time it took to pass before the doctor.

For how could any doctor, however great, working at this terrific pace, study the mental and physical peculiarities and the individual reaction to disease of patients having obscure diseases. Yet such a study is necessary if difficult cases are to be solved and if snap judgments, carelessness and neglect are to be avoided. Until there are enough good doctors working under a system which allows them time to give each case the attention it deserves, patients will continue to suffer ghastly mistakes. Mistakes which result in heartbreak, broken homes and death.

—DON DAUGHERTY

It is a deep experience to be stricken with a hitherto incurable sickness, for which a cure has just been discovered, and then to find yourself one of the lucky human guinea-pigs upon whom that new cure first proves its death-fighting power. Only those who have looked into the abyss of utter hopelessness can testify to their feelings when they know, for sure and at last, that their illness is one for which science has found no cure. Don Daugherty's plight, as he records it in this story, seems worse than that of any who've been saved in the nick of time by a new discovery, or of those who know that all hope is gone. For, after neglect and bungling in the hands of this doctor and that, Daugherty came under the care of one of America's greatest orthopedic surgeons. In a short time the mystery of his terrible pain was solved. He had plain osteomyelitis. Many a case of that illness had been cured by surgeons. The mild microbe that caused it—was definitely known. You ask then where is the tragedy? Well, alas, this osteomyelitis, this rotting of bones, was, in the case of Daugherty, in a bone where the best surgeon could only make a brave try to get at it. This slow death was deep down in his ilium, his haunch bone, beckoning to the good surgeon, challenging him to extirpate it. And what could the surgeon do, accepting this challenge, but infuse Daugherty with a maybe not justified hope? So now for Daugherty there begins a ten-year epic of alternating hope and despair: and who that himself has not gone through this can denounce his bitterness? Yet Daugherty is sound when he demands that there should be enough surgeons, scientists, to concentrate on these almost hopeless cases.

—PAUL DE KRUIF

ANTILLEAN ANTIPASTO

NOTES ON THE NATIVES WHO BELIEVE THAT
SEISMOGRAPHS ARE EARTHQUAKE PREVENTERS



THE West Indies are the black man's world—with reservations. . . . The colored folks on Martinique can insist that silk stockings in shop windows be displayed on dark brown, not white, legforms. . . . But the white residents are so race-conscious that they warn visiting lady-tourists not to damage white supremacy by riding bicycles in public. . . . And this is a French island and supposed to be relatively open-minded on such subjects. Oldtimers in the British islands say that, although white men and black men manage to do a fair amount of mixing on what they hope is an equal footing, white women are still thoroughly unreconstructed. . . .

Suggestion to the merchandising faculty of the American drug trade: Drugstores in St. Lucia (British) do a good business selling yes-powder. Also no-powder. Yes- and no-powders make girls (or men) make the right answers. . . . Both are vestigial remnants of a rich local magic, known as Obeah, first cousin to Haitian voodoo, which is rapidly dying out. The last Obeah murder on St. Lucia, committed to obtain certain parts of a corpse neces-

sary in magic rites, was performed in 1904 by a man who had studied voodoo in Haiti. . . . Talcum or arrowroot or bicarbonate of soda are what the customer usually gets for yes-powder. The druggist says that, if the drugstore won't supply him, he'll hunt up a witch doctor, who may give him something less harmless—and besides, why turn away business? . . . Substances for tongue-tying the judge so he can't pronounce sentence are much in demand on court days. On the principle that the more the stuff smells, the better it works, bath salts are sold for this purpose. . . . They say that in consequence a St. Lucia courtroom on a hot day smells like nothing on earth. . . . Witch doctors often buy their stock of yes- and no-powders from druggists at sixpence a pound and retail to their own customers at a shilling a pinch. . . . *Query:* The primeval origin of trade-marked remedies

Notes on the Americanization of the Virgin Islands: Boatday loafers in St. Thomas are all sitting round reading the *New York Daily News*. . . . Baseball is rapidly replacing cricket as the most popular sport. . . . Although traf-

fic drives to the left, English fashion, the cars are almost all American-made left-hand drives. . . . The terrace of the government-built and -run hotel at St. Thomas is partly paved with old tombstones. . . . Many households on St. Croix keep the pigs in their houses after dark. Not because of Irish influence, but because the American sanitary inspector insists on the pigpens being well away from the house. That may be more hygienic but it's also a swell way to get your pig stolen. . . . Light-fingeredness is the curse of the West Indies. Residents of St. Croix say that it's no use planting gardens because the ants will steal the seeds out of the ground within half an hour of planting. . . .

Notes on West Indian criminology: A coming-out party means not a young lady's debut into society but the celebration of somebody's being let out of jail. . . . Under the influence of regular hours, adequate meals and an enforcedly virtuous life, West Indian prisoners almost always gain weight in prison. . . . Flogging is still perfectly legal in the British islands. The cat is used, however, pretty sparingly, particularly as penalty for trying to break jail. . . . Moonshining is a favorite crime along with petty larceny. Rewards for information of illicit stills run as high as £25, which is a good year's pay in the West Indies. . . . The moonshine product is "white rum," alias "soldier's rum," a worthy first cousin of white mule. . . .

Legal white rum brings two or three

shillings a bottle. The illegal whatever the traffic will bear and that is precious little with West Indian wagescales what they are. . . . Schooners from the French island of St. Barts land it on St. Thomas for as little as three dollars a demijohn. . . . By virtue of being practically a free port, St. Thomas enjoys cheap drinking anyway. But nothing like so cheap as St. Martin, where standard Scotches are landed at about six dollars a case. . . .

St. Martin is French territory at one end, Dutch at the other, That arrangement was arrived at a long time ago when both nations, tired of fighting over a hunk of land the size of Staten Island, said, each to each: "Okay—fifty-fifty." . . . The mayor of Marigot, the French town, has an Irish name and was a big-shot bootlegger not so long ago. . . . *Further example of Dutch common sense:* When the French Revolution abolished slavery on the French side of St. Martin, the Dutch understood that eventually they would have to abolish slavery too and indemnify the slaves' former owners, as the English did forty years later. But that would be too expensive. So, according to local tradition, the authorities tacitly encouraged slaves to run away across the boundary, which automatically made free men of them. By the time the Dutch got round to emancipation, most of the slaves had freed themselves at no cost to the government. . . .

Example of how not to imitate St. Patrick: Martinique (French) and St.

Lucia (British now, but French up to 1803) are the only islands in the Lesser Antilles inhabited by the fer-de-lance, a tough and highly venomous snake of the viper persuasion. His natural home is in South America. How he got to only these two of a string of well separated islands is a first class geographical mystery. . . . One story says that the old French planters imported fer-de-lance and turned them loose in the woods to discourage slaves from running away. . . . But old books prove that the fer-de-lance was already there when the French arrived The Caribs, the Indians in possession, who were almost as tough customers as the snakes, told the early Frenchmen that certain enemies of theirs had sneaked up from St. Vincent one night in canoes loaded with calabashes and baskets full of fer-de-lance and dumped them on St. Lucia and Martinique, which were Carib islands. . . . Whichever story is true, somebody certainly played somebody else a thoroughly dirty trick. . . . The fer-de-lance still flourishes in Martinique, in spite of the importation of the mongoose to go for him. For some reason the mongoose did a better job on St. Lucia. . . .

St. Kitts (British) is a slum surrounded by saltwater. . . . The population are the worst beggars and the raggedest in the whole string of islands. . . . Which is saying something. The West Indian standard of life is a scandal. . . . Stores in the English islands stock second-hand hats imported from

London—men's a shilling apiece, women's sixpence up. . . . You can match that with second-hand buttons in Guadeloupe. . . .

Banks in the British islands keep accounts in local dollars and cents. Merchants keep theirs in pounds, shillings and pence. In consequence every business-man has to be a lightning calculator. . . . Silver and copper coins are all British and figured at twenty-four cents to the shilling . . . and astoundingly ancient. There are more Victoria shillings in circulation in the West Indies than in the whole United Kingdom. Every now and again a coin of William IV or George IV will turn up in your change. . . . But things move slowly in this part of the world. They still haul sugar cane with ox-carts on St. Kitts—ox-carts equipped with pneumatic rubber tires. . . . Over the entrance to the post-office at Castries, St. Lucia, it still reads: "E VIII—R I." . . . St. Lucia may be trying to imitate Barbados, which distinguished itself in the 17th century by sticking to the Stuarts all through the English Commonwealth and never acknowledging Cromwell. . . . But they have had to abandon the fine old British tradition of arming the tops of garden walls with pieces of broken bottle set in plaster. Concave bits of bottle will hold enough rainwater for a mosquito to breed in and mosquitoes are important in the part of the world where yellow jack got its name. . . . There are pirate memories in the fact that the West

Indian cane-knife, a version of the Cuban machete but heavier and with a wicked scimitar-curve at the point, is universally known as a cutlass. . . .

Fillets of flying fish are a favorite dish throughout the islands. And very tasty too. . . . Most of the islands have semi-active volcanic craters somewhere about the premises. Montserrat is particularly noted for earthquakes. . . . So much so that a party of scientists descended there last year in the wake of a series of quakes and set up seismographs all over the place. The earthquakes stopped immediately and the local blacks immediately concluded that the seismographs were earthquake preventers. . . .

Many West Indian households (Negro) have magnificent heirloom beds, gorgeous linen sheets and silk night-clothes to match. . . . But they use them only when somebody is sick or dying and receiving a call from doctor or priest. The rest of the time they sleep *under* the beds to keep from wearing them out. . . .

Economic details: According to local rumors, France is going to try to settle her war debt to the United States by handing over Martinique and Guadeloupe, her two West Indian white elephants. . . . The lavatories of the St. Lucia hospital are paved and walled with tiles contributed by grateful patients at sixpence a throw. . . . Sign on a store on an English island: "Any man, woman or child who doesn't buy from us doesn't love his sweet money." . . . Sign on another

store: "Big After Stock Sale. . . . This sale is also in thanksgiving to God for having saved the staff's daily bread. And the business. . . . N. B. All accounts are being handed over to our solicitor for collections. We find it useless sending out monthly bills as usual." . . .

Supplementary illustration of the beneficent workings of economic ill winds: St. Lucia prospered back when she was the big coaling-port for the trade between North and South America. Oil-burning boilers in freight- and passenger-liners killed her prosperity. Now, with the wheat shortage resulting from drought in North America, the Argentine is shipping wheat north in every obsolescent, coal-burning tramp that will take a charter—and they all stop to coal at St. Lucia. . . . Coaling is the only way the average St. Lucian (black again) can make a respectable wage. In this case the average St. Lucian is a woman, carrying a 120-pound basket of coal on her head up a narrow catwalk at fourpence for five baskets. . . .

Inhabitants of St. Vincent (British) often meet the *rounce* or *rounds*, a supernatural creature which looks like a calf and is given to twisting its tail into the shape of a wheel and trundling rapidly along the roads after dark. . . . Harmless, they say, but disconcerting to meet. We wouldn't know. We liked St. Lucia so much we just stayed there till we had to go home, so we never got as far south as St. Vincent. —J. C. FURNAS

THE FACE IN THE CROWD

ONE IN A HUNDRED THOUSAND SUCCEEDS,
AND THIS IS ABOUT THE OTHER 99,999



THE floods of publicity that have for years poured out of cinemaland have pictured Hollywood and its environs as an Eldorado where the hand turns everything it touches to gold, where beautiful women languish in droves and where one has only to appear before a camera to be "discovered" and reap a fortune overnight. Recently, confronted with a huge problem of how to keep people out of Hollywood instead of bringing them in, the motion picture industry has through various channels sent earnest advices that there are openings today for neither men, women nor children in the movies. Nevertheless, no check was put on the publicity mills and beauty contests of all sorts are still sponsored in every community to promote publicity for a particular picture or studio. The winners of these contests are usually "signed up," that is, they are given short contracts with promising long options—that later rarely materialize—and youth heads westward, in most cases toward disappointment and disillusion.

Suppose you come to Hollywood intent on a career. You arrive in the

City of Angels and get a room at an inexpensive hotel in Hollywood, which you learn to your surprise is merely the name of a district. You begin to make the rounds of studios. To your dismay you learn two things: one, that most major studios are not located in Hollywood itself but are spread over an area of fifty miles from your hotel; two, when you do get to the studios you can't get in. Of course you can't. There are thousands like you in the city and the business of the industry is making pictures, not interviewing careerists.

Extra work, you learn, is given out by the Central Casting Corporation, which was organized in 1926 as a central bureau of employment for extra workers and is run co-operatively by the major motion-picture studios. You arrive at the Central Casting Corporation offices and are advised that because Central Casting has more than 12,000 persons registered on its books as available for "extra" employment no more registrations are being made. You are earnestly advised to take the next train home before you become another relief problem but you do not

take that advice. Let us say you have been able to borrow on your life insurance policy and are determined to stick it out. You make more friends and soon someone gives you a letter asking Central Casting Corporation to *please* put you on their lists. You are fortunate. Your name goes on the list. Now you have an opportunity to learn at first hand the life of an extra in the most glamorous city in the world.

Soon the brutal statistics of the situation will be familiar to you at first hand.

The extra is technically not an actor. He has, or at least he needs, little or no talent. His work is at best only casual employment, a point which has not sufficiently been driven home to the movie fans of America who come pouring into Hollywood in search of careers. For while 12,000 persons are registered as extras in Hollywood—this number is exclusive of the hundreds of others who are on casting directors' lists—there is rarely any call that requires the services of more than 800 persons on any one day. This means that approximately 11,200 individuals available for "extra" work are every day unemployed. How these persons manage to earn a living and sustain themselves is simply another of Hollywood's great secrets.

Perhaps the deluge of people in search of careers has not abated, at least in part, because the facts of income from "extra" work have not been widely enough disseminated.

For example, on the books of the Central Casting Corporation I found that only three persons employed as extras had in the year 1936 earned as much as \$2,500. It must be noted here that these persons were "show" extras, possessing wardrobes that call for investments of from \$200 to \$500 each. The next 497 persons of the 12,000 earned in that same year \$1,000 or more. The next 865 persons earned from \$500 up to \$1,000. That is, allowing \$16 a week as a subsistence wage in an urban community of the size of Los Angeles, there were only about 1,000 persons out of the 12,000 registered extras who earned from film extra work enough to live on in the year 1936. The figures for the years previous correspond proportionately with those given here. Thus far the picture for 1937 shows little improvement.

Nevertheless many people coming to Hollywood in search of extra work are prepared to wait some length of time before the "break" comes. Many of these believe they can sustain themselves by getting at least two or three days of work each week.

Let us therefore tackle the figures from another angle. Out of the 5,500 male extras registered with Central Casting Corporation only *fifty-eight* averaged last year three days of work per week or better. Of the 6,500 women registered only *twenty* averaged three days per week.

There is more misinformation about the sums paid to extras. The roto-

gravure atmosphere of fan magazines seems to radiate the idea that here everything is paid for with pieces of eight. But the wage rates are fixed: Persons employed as part of a crowd are paid \$3.20 a day. (Inasmuch as extra work is only *single day employment* each person is paid off at the end of each day's work.) In smaller groups those who may be requested to shout or yell in unison are paid \$5.00 a day, the average income for an extra—when he is called to work. Players required to utter a few words ad lib or to wear special clothes of their own are compensated at the rate of \$7.50 a day and up, allowing an additional small sum for the use of their clothes. Extras who are required to speak as many as twenty words earn \$25.00 a day—for the day on which they utter those words.

Much has been made by skillful publicity men of the fact that some stars have arisen from the ranks of extras. The actual facts are that in the ten years that the Central Casting Corporation has functioned only thirteen out of the some 40,000 different persons who have been employed as extras have actually achieved feature billing, or stardom. These thirteen are Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Ann Dvorak, Randolph Scott, Sally Eilers, Bernardine Hayes, Karen Morley, Clark Gable, Raquel Torres, Adrienne Ames and Edwina Booth. Singularly enough, only three male stars are on this list.

Many of the actors and actresses

that call forth the most sincere oohs! and ahs! from film audiences are also extras, for occasionally infants work before the camera. Babies aged from one to thirty days are compensated at the rate of \$75.00 a day. From one month to three months old their value drops to \$50.00 a day. From three to six months their labors command \$25.00 a day. After six months the children fall into the \$7.50 a day and \$10.00 a day categories. From these ranks, too, stars have arisen: Jane Withers, Edith Fellowes and Bonita Granville

But do not bring your children to Hollywood in search of carcens. Fifteen hundred children are registered as available for work, their health and school records permitting. Of this number the studios use an average of only forty-one in any single day.

Pitiful as is the lot of the average extra, his days of work few and they uncertain, his condition is aggravated by the number of his grievances. First, the extra is convinced of the use of a blacklist against him by the organizations that are in a position to offer him employment.

Repeated, well-substantiated stories told by numbers of men and women extras point to the existence of such a blacklist or at least, to its practical application. For obvious reasons they cannot speak out. The situation of the female extra offers a fertile field for sociological research and study: how does the community absorb the thousands who never get that "break?"

However, where formerly the extra was the caste-less worker in the motion-picture industry, now 4,000 extras and bit players are members of the Screen Actors' Guild, which is attempting to do for the cinema what the Actors' Equity did for the stage years ago: humanize it.

Second, the extra points out that the motion-picture industry must adopt a new attitude toward him, for he is more than a casual employee. The industry needs him for the making of pictures, therefore it should confine its files of persons available for extra work to such a number of people as can be sufficiently employed day in and day out to permit them to earn a living. Inasmuch as he is available for work at a moment's notice, day or night, he feels he has a prior right to work when it is available and protests when on occasions some directors and producers will grandly give away days of work to socialite friends and others. It may be noted here that every "star" in pictures is lined up in the Screen Actors' Guild behind his cause. Intelligent film executives, too, are coming around to his point of view.

Third, the extra decries the employment of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps in the making of pictures when sufficient extras are available to take these parts. He further points out that the soldiers, sailors and marines who give their time "voluntarily" are given no compensation while he loses days of work, estimating that he and his fellow extras

have lost 100,000 days of work because of the free services made available to the motion pictures by the United States Army and Navy. In the production *Captured*, starring Douglas Fairbanks and Leslie Howard, eighty-four non-commissioned officers and soldiers, twenty-eight pilots, fourteen Keystone bombers and five or six other planes were employed from government resources when sufficient extras and aviators were available from civilian ranks. *West Point of the Air* and *They Gave Him a Gun* were two other productions in which extras lost days of work and the taxpayer's military went on location to help private capital earn private profits.

Nor is the excuse valid that military equipment is not available. Every bit of equipment, every uniform, every maneuver could be reproduced by scenery, wardrobe and gunnery experts. Cases in point are such first-class pictures as *Cavalcade*, *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Clive of India*, all containing war scenes, all made entirely by Hollywood.

In time, no doubt, the motion picture industry will recognize that the extra is its legitimate child and redress his grievances. Intelligent leaders of the industry will realize that the extra's problem must be faced squarely—and soon. Meantime he is there, part of every super-colossal production, laughing, crying, cheering, shouting, howling, or merely standing there, the face in the crowd.

—LOUIS ZARA

THE RISING GENERATION



There's a myth of many nations
about a warrior born
a full-grown man, clad and armed;
and the story was revived
when that woman recently gave birth
to an otherwise normal baby who carried
a small hand grenade,
as he entered the world.

He is teething on it.

And the Government plans to endow
his education. He will specialize
in Chemistry.

One observer said that he saw
a Bible pinned to the side of the child's home
with a bayonet. Untrue. Untrue.

And another observer remarked
that a brilliant young student, walking
near a war-games battle field, was killed
by poison gas
on the day of the baby's birth.

That was a coincidence.

—TED PITTENGER

ABOUT ANTHONY PALAZZO

WHO IS NOT YET AS WELL-KNOWN
AS HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BECOME



ITALIAN, as his name implies, he is of that small wiry build, so common among Southern Italians, that belies its apparent fragility with cat-like agility and muscularity.

Of a disposition that can best be described as sunny, prone to laughter and good humor, he is nevertheless very intense and serious about anything that concerns his work.

A first-generation native of New York, he found himself a year after high school less adept and less happy at bookkeeping, which he had been taught to do, than at drawing pictures, which he had not been taught. So he exchanged a bookkeeper's job, at which he had regular hours and pay, for a fling at commercial art, in which he had hope of both but promise of neither. Catching on, he studied as he worked. Enjoying no formal education in art, his position after a few years was that of the newspaperman with aspirations toward literature: he had to unlearn, in working to satisfy himself, much of what he had learned, in working to satisfy others. The product of no academy or school, there is nothing academic in the draw-

ings and paintings by which this young artist has sought to work himself out, a butterfly of art for self-expression's sake, from the cocoon of art for commerce. Consciously seeking to acquire the maximum in versatility, Palazzo's restless experimentation both in media and manners is immediately apparent. But he is not now, nor does he seem likely to become, that type of artist of whom it can be said that "he paints like everyone but himself." This is not to say, of course, that there is nothing derivative about these efforts, for derivative they obviously are. The young artist paints what he sees, true enough; but if he is in earnest, an important part of what he sees represents the works of artists older and wiser in the ways of art than himself. There is a lot of Van Gogh in *Carnations and Calendulas*; there is more than a dash of Roualt in *Deserted Church, Long Island*. But why not? In the vast vocabulary of art, no artist can hope to coin more than a few new words. Meanwhile, each new artist seeks to speak art's language in an accent of his own. Palazzo's is already strongly individual, expressed in a vigorous and a virile voice.



MODEL

JULY, 1937



LIFE CLASS I

CORONET

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LIFE CLASS II

JULY, 1937



STUDIO STILL LIFE

CORONET



LANYI, CARICASCULPTOR

JULY, 1937

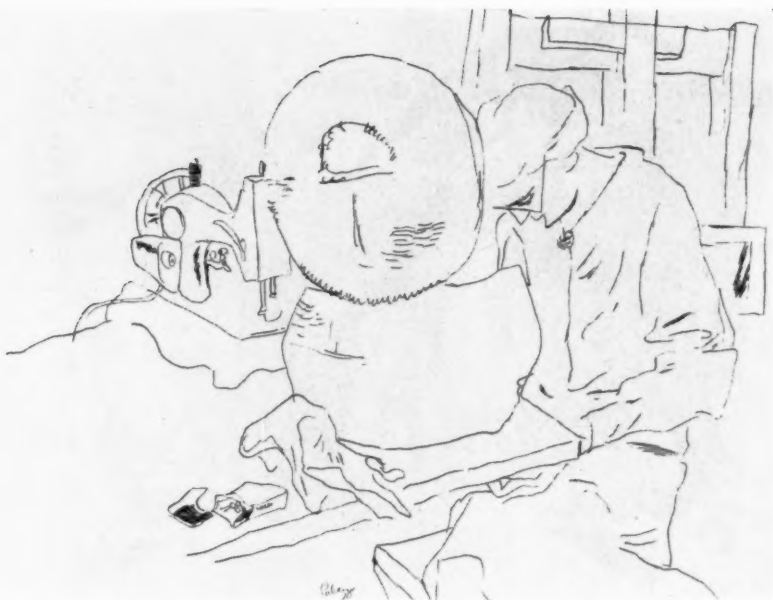


AL FRESCO I



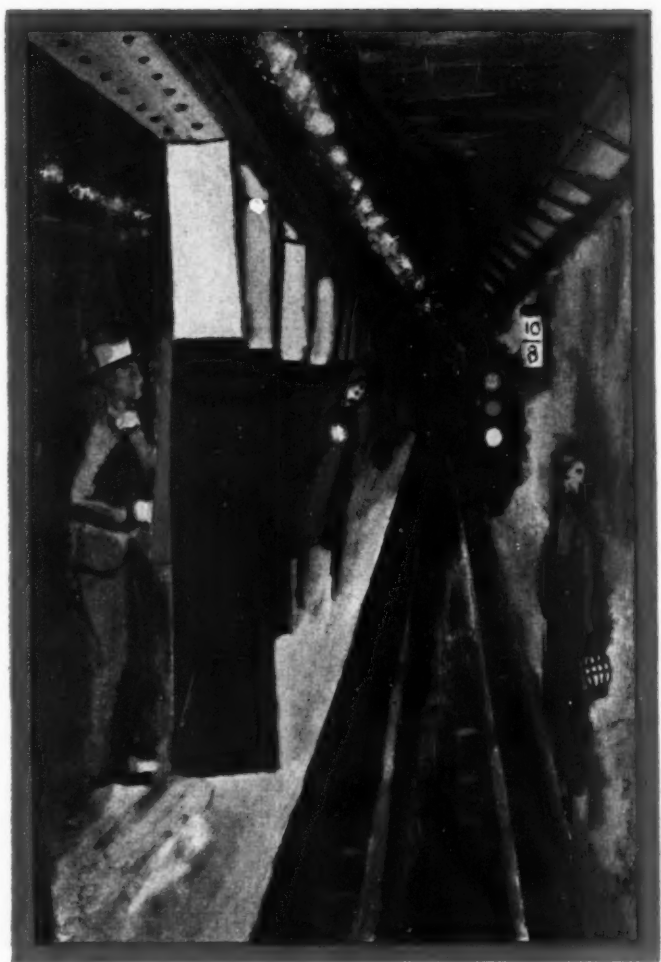
AL FRESCO II

JULY, 1937



PIECE WORK

CORONET



TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION

JULY, 1937



DESERTED CHURCH, LONG ISLAND



THE BEACON HILL SANDBANK

JULY, 1937



CARNATIONS AND CALENDULAS

CORONET



GETTING READY FOR THE SPEC

JULY, 1937



THE CATS ARE ON NEXT

CORONET



WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

JULY, 1937

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THE MENAGERIE

CORONET



PROTEGES LIMBERING UP

JULY, 1937



THE BULL WANTS A PEANUT

CORONET

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ENTR'ACTE WITH THE JOEYS

JULY, 1937



THE BLOW-OFF

CORONET

A NOTE ON BERLIOZ

THE BITTER-TONGUED CRITIC AND COMPOSER
FELL IN LOVE WITH A PAIR OF PINK SLIPPERS



“DECIDEDLY ours is a prosaic century. On no other grounds can my wounded vanity account for the humiliating fact that no auspicious omens, no mighty portraits, such as heralded the birth of Virgil and Alexander, gave notice of my coming. It is strange, but true, that I was born, quite unobtrusively, at La Côte Saint-André, between Vienne and Grenoble, on the 11th December 1803.”

Thus begins the sparkling memoirs of that mysterious and misunderstood figure which stands like a Sphinx in the midst of nineteenth century composers.

His father, a country “health officer” (who practised medicine for humanity’s sake rather than for profit), decided the young Hector should follow in his footsteps. Persuasion and the promise of a new flute started him off on the study of medicine, but a term in the dissecting-room of a Paris hospital ended it.

Before long the Conservatoire Library claimed most of the youth’s day and in his enthusiasm over the scores of Gluck he forgot either to eat, drink, or sleep. One hearing of *Iphigénie en*

Tauride and the die was cast. He began composing a Mass.

Getting ahead, however, in his chosen profession, was no snap. He had lost years of time, his most impressionable years, too. His technical training was only beginning at an age when Mozart and Mendelssohn and most other composers were proficient masters. He failed in a preliminary Conservatoire examination and to make matters worse, previously he had incurred the enmity of its director, Cherubini.

Berlioz’s early compositions were declared unplayable. The parts for his Mass, which were copied by the choir children who were to sing them, came minus sharps and flats and without ten and thirty bar rests. The performance had to be stopped, of course. It was an immediate fiasco.

His parents alternately gave and withdrew their support. His mother knelt at his feet and put a curse upon him. To continue writing music, Berlioz suffered privation and the worry of debt. Finally, like many another composer before and after, he had to give in and do critical hack-work.

He set out, as he called it, "on a treadmill round for the papers." A thorough partisan, fond of extremes, he soon came to be the most read critic of his day. Among other things, he denied that Palestrina had a spark of genius, spoke of Handel as "a barrel of pork and beer," declared he could not make head or tail from the Vorspiel to *Tristan*, passed over Schubert and Chopin and singled out Wolff and Onslow as great composers. To his merit, he was the first musician in Europe to recognize the true worth of Beethoven.

"But I abominate criticism," he wrote, "and feel quite ill from the moment I see the advertisement of a new performance until I have written my article of it."

As it was, Berlioz was said to write with a dagger, not a pen. He found his most telling criticism was that voiced on the spot. In a performance at the Opéra of *Iphigénie en Tauride*, cymbals had been put into the first dance of the Scythians where Gluck uses only strings, and the trombones were left out altogether from Orestes' great recitative. In the moment of silence that followed the dance, Berlioz shouted: "There are no cymbals there; who dares to correct Gluck?"

The audience had not recovered from this, when the same voice pealed out: "Where are those trombones? What an outrage!"

At the premiere of Cherubini's *Ali Baba*, he yelled out during the first act: "Twenty francs for an idea!"

In the middle of the second act he raised his bid. "Forty francs for an idea!"

The finale began. "Eighty francs, I say!"

And, after the final curtain, "I give up! I'm not rich enough."

* * *

Occasionally, Berlioz found humor in his own accomplishments. "Behold me!" he wrote in his Memoirs. "Past master of those three noble instruments—flageolet, flute, and guitar! Can anyone doubt my heaven-sent genius or that I should be capable of writing majestic orchestral works worthy of a musical Michel Angelo? The flute! The guitar! The flageolet!!!! I am good at no other instrument. Oh, yes! I am wrong. I am not at all bad at the side-drum."

After sketching the *d-flat* trombone solo in the introduction to the *Frances-Juges* he became alarmed that perhaps it might not be playable on that instrument. "But a trombone player at the Opera reassured me," he writes, "and, overjoyed, I walked home with my head so high that, not looking where I was going, I sprained my ankle. I've never been able to hear that piece since without getting a pain in my foot. Other people, I understand, get a pain in their head."

* * *

A master of polished irony, brilliant and scintillating on the surface, the real Berlioz was impressionable and highly imaginative. He made himself believe that his overture had been

played on a benefit program, that his name therefore appeared alongside his beloved's. Truth was, on this occasion no overture was played. His Memoirs are full of such dreams. For him they were more important than reality. He loved them, caressed them, decorated them with precise details to suit himself. As against them, truth was a dead thing.

"With love came music," he wrote, and before he was twelve he had fallen hopelessly in love "with a tall, slight girl of eighteen, with splendid shining eyes and . . . clad, above all else, in a pair of pink shoes. I had no idea what was the matter with me, but I suffered acutely and spent my nights in sleepless anguish. In the daytime I crept away like a wounded bird and hid myself in the maize-fields and the orchards. I was haunted by Love's ghostly companion, Jealousy, and suffered tortures when any man approached my idol; and it makes me shudder even now (thirty years after) to recall the ring of my uncle's spurs as he danced with her."

"To heal this, time is powerless . . . no after-loves can blot out the first . . . I was but thirteen when I ceased to see her . . . I was thirty when, on my return from Italy, I caught sight, through a mist of tears, of her home in the distance, the little white villa and the old tower . . . I still loved her. I heard she was . . . married . . . and all the rest of it . . . and even that did not cure me."

Half a century later he was unable

to meet her without a show of emotion. He saw in the white-haired grandmother only the delicate girl he had loved as a boy. She told him then his imagination had played him false, that she never had worn pink shoes. But to him they were still pink.

The grand drama of his life was woven around the Irish actress he so wildly wooed and eventually married . . . the woman of the *Symphonie Fantastique*. He saw her first as *Ophelia* and in a lightning flash he was gone—lost—engulfed by his passion. When she did not respond, he tried to poison himself in her presence (and nearly succeeded). He wandered for days in the fields outside Paris without food, without sleep. At tremendous sacrifice he wrote and produced the mammoth symphony for her. She did not come to hear it.

And when he finally won her, this "brilliant sun" of his life did not shine for long. Living together proved impossible and they separated. He never ceased to love her though there were other women . . . the "traveling companion" of seven years, whose sensuous charms rekindled again his youthful ardor . . . the corset-maker chorus girl of the St. Petersburg theatre about whom he wrote: "Oh! God . . . what a whirlwind of passion! One evening on the banks of the Neva, the sun setting . . . I crushed her arm against my breast and sang to her the melody from *Romeo and Juliet*."

For Berlioz, it was always a difficult question, which of the two, love or

music, could elevate man to more sublime heights?

"Love can give no idea of music," he wrote. "Music *can* give an idea of love . . . But why separate them? They are the two wings of the soul . . ."

For him, they were. From the lowest depths, they carried him to the heights. Whatever ill-luck beset him . . . whatever defeat he knew . . . these two wings were his.

Exactly how high they carried him is still (a century after his greatest creative effort) a matter of dispute. Not many admit him to the company of those musicians who scaled Olympus. A few consider his music "magnificent noise, involved piffle."

His name is not likely to become a household word. His scores are comparatively unknown. In most circles, "What do you think of Berlioz?" is a guaranteed conversation-stopper, and not one in a thousand can hum any of his tunes. The reason is that he thought orchestrally and is a colorist rather than a melodist. Once he took a pen, bent back the point, let it fly, spattering the paper. "That is the way Berlioz composes," he said. "The result is as chance wills it."

Berlioz is a literary musician, a story-teller. Music was to him a language capable of conveying specific impressions, of arousing specific emotions, of narrating a specific series of events. In having it do all this, he was audacious, intense, and grand. Perhaps his 450 piece orchestra, his 300 voice choir and his four directors,

were a bit too grand. He lacks the simplicity of true greatness. He strives too much, over-emphasizes, is never satisfied to let well enough alone. There is, too, in much of his music, a sense of frustration. It is as if he knew he might fail, that he could not quite carry out what he conceived.

Critics regard him kindly. They point to his originality and audacity, his inexhaustible inventiveness, to the fact that intuitively he knew the capacity of orchestral instruments better than the men who played them, that he was the father of modern instrumentation, that Wagner, Debussy, Strauss, *et. al.*, are indebted to him, that whereas Mozart built on Haydn, Beethoven on Mozart, Strauss on Wagner, Berlioz struck out for himself.

His melody, his harmony, his rhythm were absolutely his own. He created the form, the tissue, and the fibre of a musical language and molded it to suit his subject.

He did not conceive form as a thing apart . . . as an end in itself. For him, it was one and inseparable with the idea he had to express.

The final verdict, however, depends not so much on his inventions as on his message. It is not alone what he has done but *how well*. Consider the quality of his thought and of his musical imagination, penetrate to the core of his emotional expressions, and then you will know for yourself whether he is, as Schumann posed the question, "a genius or merely a musical adventurer."
—CARLETON SMITH

WHAT THE BLIND READ

THE NEW TALKING BOOKS WIDEN THE SCOPE
OF READING HITHERTO OFFERED IN BRAILLE



THE blind, until very recently, had to depend either upon their own special skill in reading Braille, or else upon the kindness of sighted people who would give the time to reading "out loud." Both these methods, however, were quite inadequate, for the Braille bibliography was often decidedly limited and incomplete, especially so for the blind university student wishing to prepare for one of the learned professions—and this insufficiency was enormously augmented, when, because of the World War, so many thousands of soldiers and sailors were tragically added to the ranks of the sightless.

Only within the last five years has this problem been recognized and dealt with by the government. In March, 1931, the Pratt-Smoot Bill was enacted, providing for the expenditure of \$100,000 annually for additional Braille books. This money is to be spent under the direction of the Librarian of Congress, and the final selection of books rests with him and his appointee, who, at first, was Dr. H. H. B. Myer, now retired because of age limit and succeeded by

Mr. M. A. Roberts. These gentlemen base their choice of books upon the recommendations made by the experienced Librarians of the twenty-six regional libraries for the blind.

It was while the writer was making a scientific and statistical survey of all these regional libraries, that many interesting facts of the varied tastes of the blind readers were revealed.

As with the sighted, fiction ranked first in popularity. Of the Braille books available over a period of three years, 1932, 1933 and 1934, Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth* was in greatest demand, with Zane Grey's *Drift Fence* and Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* next in the line of favorites. Travel books are also torches that enkindle the exceptionally vivid imaginations of the blind, illuminating wider vistas and horizons. The following are favorite titles in this category:

R. E. Byrd—*Little America*.

M. H. Chamberlain—*Soviet Russia*.

J. S. Childers—*From Siam to Suez*.

M. Hindus—*Red Bread*.

N. Waln—*The House of Exile*.

Autobiography was found to be almost twice as popular as biography,

and the more contemporary the book, the greater the demand for it. The books of Lincoln Steffens, Marie Grand Duchess of Russia, and Alice Roosevelt Longworth were more readily borrowed than the *Letters of William James*. In the classification of biography, however, the reverse seems to be true—contemporary “lives” lag behind historic ones.

Five books on philosophy and psychology were borrowed almost as frequently as autobiographies and Walter Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* raised as eager a response from the blind as from the sighted public.

History was not such a popular group. Of forty-five titles covered in this study only three were in great demand. Allen's *Only Yesterday* took first place, while Hindus' *Humanity Uprooted* and *The Great Offensive* ran close seconds. It will be noted that all three books are of a contemporary nature. In spite of this lack of popular demand, history books should be provided in large numbers, as the subject is an integral part of every school curriculum. This is likewise true of books on economics, sociology and political science.

Poetry and literature were found to be not especially popular. *The Canterbury Tales*, *The Divine Comedy* and Goethe's *Faust* were borrowed more frequently than the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Among the anthologies of poetry, Louis Untermeyer's *Book of Living Verse* ran far ahead of the others.

In spite of the donations from Bible

Societies and other similar organizations, books on religion and ethics were infrequently read. The one and only popular title was the very recent publication of Charles Dickens' *The Life of Our Lord*.

All books relating to music available in Braille are popular, and at their head is Walter Damrosch's *My Musical Life*.

In the field of fine arts, there were, at the time of this study only two books Brailled for the blind. One of them is really an autobiography, that of Benvenuto Cellini, and the other, *The Story of Architecture in America*, by Tallmadge.

While the average person would regard with astonishment the fact that so many books on science were transcribed into Braille, to the blind it is only a matter of course, and they need and want many more. They have, in spite of physical darkness, gone into the fields of medicine, physics, etc.; having in some instances acquired the rare M. D., and the even rarer Ph. D. in physics. Still others have had a certain amount of success with writing articles on science.

Closely allied to these branches of learning are the sciences of osteopathy and massage, two of the newer enterprises with which the blind may earn a living, because of their specially developed tactile nerves.

The legal profession has for a long time proved to be one of the most profitable for the blind, yet the books which the lawyers need are not in the

Braille libraries. Actually there were only four books in general use on law. This is also true in the field of agriculture, a real source of self-sustainment for the rural blind. There are but two books in Braille in this classification.

One magazine, *The Braille Book Review* published monthly, is carefully and understandingly edited in Braille by Miss Lucille Goldthwaite, Librarian for the Department of the Blind in the New York City Library. It discusses, describes and reviews every new book in Brailledom.

Those who live too far away to borrow a book in person from the Braille libraries may do so by mail, free of postage. Each volume usually measures 12x14x4 inches and averages from 4 to 7 pounds in weight. The twenty-six libraries operate as one and a book needed in one branch may be borrowed from another. A blind person reads four to fifteen times slower than a seeing reader.

But now there is the Talking Book! Thanks to the American Foundation for the Blind, this revolutionary method of reading was experimented upon and finally perfected. Instead of the cumbersome volumes, the blind reader now receives through the mails, also free of charge, a set of records which he plays on his reproducing machine, while he can relax and absorb through his good sense of hearing the glorious words of, let us say, one of Shakespeare's plays. He may invite a group of blind friends to come and share this new pleasure with him. In this way,

the book does reach a greater number at the same time, which helps tremendously, for with limited money the government cannot make these records fast enough to supply the ever-growing demand. Besides, the reproducing machines are still very expensive, costing from \$35 to \$50; but recently part of the W. P. A. funds have been allocated toward their manufacture, and arrangements have been made whereby they may be borrowed gratis from the government for indefinite periods of time.

Another advantage of the Talking Book is that it can reach an infinitely greater number of the blind, for it is still true that the majority of them have never learned to read Braille. With 18,000 reproducing machines in use by summer, we have a much greater circulation of books than has been the case when only the avenue of Braille was open. By January, 1935, Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* was available to the Braille book borrowers for more than a year and was called-for 379 times; while the Talking Book, available for less than half a year, was borrowed 335 times—yet there were at that time twenty-five times as many Braille book borrowers as Talking Book borrowers—today there are a little less than twice as many Braille book borrowers.

The average blind person, within reach of a full collection of Talking Books, will soon be as completely abreast of the times as his sighted brother. —MORRIS COHEN, M. A.

CORONET's choice of contents is, in great degree, of its readers' own making. Letters from readers brought about the banishment of cartoons from these pages. They persuaded us that cartoons didn't belong, and that the color pages which had been devoted to them might better be used to increase the number of reproductions of objects of art. The change was made, apparently to everybody's satisfaction.

Now strong reader pressure is being felt from another direction. More and more readers keep writing in to say that they feel that the nude photographs are out of place in CORONET. Now then, unless other readers, in at least equal numbers, write in as convincingly in defense of the nude studies as the opposition has so far been eloquent in persuasion against them, the nudes seem destined to go the way of the cartoons.

We don't want to give the impression that CORONET is the proverbial "rudderless ship, steering by every wind that blows." If the matter were merely the age-old protest of the Puritan against all nudity, as such, we would ignore the protests as being beneath notice. But this is not, to judge from the predominant tone of the letters protesting against the inclusion of nude photographs, merely another instance of the old Blue Nose Reform sticking itself into other people's business. Not one of these letters has objected to nudity in art. Many, in fact, have gone to great length to

differentiate between nudes in paintings and sculpture and nudes in photographs. The quarrel, they make clear, is not the fortuitous battle between art and morals; this is not a case of the senseless loggerheads in which Aesthetes and Philistines find themselves eternally at sixes and sevens; rather is it an intra-mural dispute, as it were, within the realm of the aesthetic. For, as opposed to the question of art vs. morality, this is one of art vs. actuality. For the feeling is that painting, being interpretive, achieves the universal, whereas photography, being representational, is bound down to the specific. Is there an answer?

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SPeaking of CORONET's photographs, let us remind you that 8x10 contact prints, matted very handsomely and eminently worthy of preservation (as well as "suitable for framing") are available at \$1 each (\$1.50 in Canada). These are not reproductions, but actual photographs, and those who have so far received them have been both pleased and amazed with their quality, wondering how we could do it at this price. Well, we can't; we lose money on each one; we charge off the loss to reader goodwill building. And since this is a non-profit accommodation to readers, payment must accompany all orders.

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The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.

